JANUARY 20, - 26, 1979

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THIS WEEK

NANDINI JAGTIANI

Popular model Nandini Sen was born in Bombay on February 18, 1957. Studied in International School and is doing her junior B.A. from Elphinstone College, Bombay. She is very interested in stage acting, paints a lot and plays the guitar occasionally. Plans to give up modelling and settle down in life.

Photograph : D. L. Oberoi

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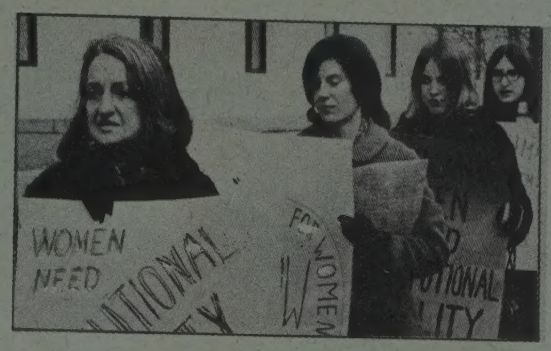
THE MODELLING SCENE

It started in India with a few untrained beauties who had to face a lot of malicious gossip. Today, successful models have entered the specialized and competitive field of producing fashion shows.
Page 10.



BEING A WOMAN IN AMERICA

Sex roles are changing all the time in the US. But, says a very involved participant of the Movement, they have a lot left to achieve.
Page 16.

JOURNEY TO 'CIVILIZATION'

The first of a three-part account of an American Indian woman's transition from a forest home to life in modern England.
Page 19.

SCIENTIFIC DISCRIMINATION

Do women face discrimination in the field of science, which is supposed to be above human folly? A survey.
Page 44.

MOTHERHOOD BY CHOICE

Biology is not destiny; every woman doesn't have to become a mother, just because she is physically equipped to be one.
Page 14.

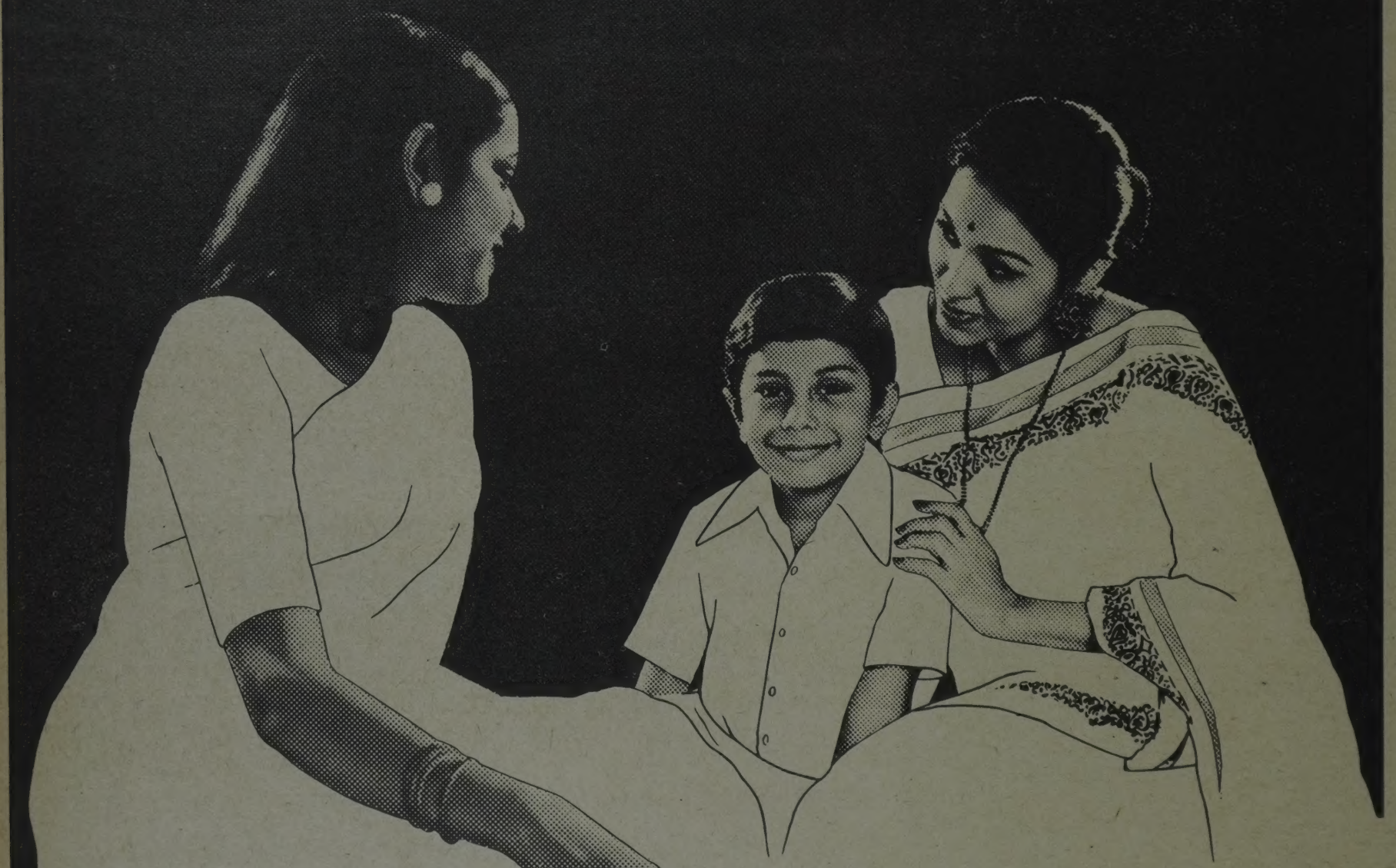
ALSO

Book Nook : Starting a monthly review of books by and for women—**Page 13,** Eve Today : Mrs. Soundararaj, Director of Collegiate Education, Tamil Nadu—**Page 35,** Women In Sport : The triumph of the long-distance runner — **Page 36,** IYC : Delhi's plans for the year — **Page 40,** British girls lured into slavery — **Page 38,** Sophistication winners — **Page 44.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7,** Readers' Voice/**9,** Film Interview/**23,** Short Story/**24,** Fashion/**26,** Beauty/**29,** Cookery/**31,** Comics/**34,** Hiya Honey/**45,** People & Events/**49,** Horoscope/**50.**

When whiteness glows look–it shows...



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Shilpi DM 38A/78

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

THE BEST YEARS OF HER LIFE

In response to the letter from Indore (E.W. Now 4-10) I wish to refute the erroneous assumption that a job's exclusive payoff is economic. The more abstract gain of an independent sense of personal identity, is more important.

Child bearing may be a biological handout to women but child rearing is a social function and should be undertaken by both parents. With children being restricted to two or three, what is the woman to do for the rest of the years of her life? Shall her mind and spirit be allowed to atrophy with disuse?

The question is not whether a woman must or must not work. If she wishes to, she should find an environment conducive to her efforts. I respect the right of those who choose not to work. Yet I cannot emphasise enough that for most women there has never existed a choice. As expected, some of the most vehement criticism of women working comes from women themselves. This volley comes from women who have never been involved in an exercise of independence and now perceive a threat to their beliefs by women who make a choice. .

I, for one, am of the opinion that an independent career is absolutely necessary for an independent identity. Both men and women shall come to understand the other half of the world that they have been barred from. It cannot but bring them closer.

Ashit Saxena, Kanpur.

That's just it — women have, hitherto, never had a choice. And this is what "women's emancipation" means: that they must have a choice in whatever they do or undertake. Women, brainwashed into being parrots and doormats, often criticise other working women. But make no mistake. The threat and the resistance emanates from the men.

2nd PRIZE

A WOMAN'S JOB

In his letter to the Editor of one of our local newspapers, a reader has suggested that in order to encourage more women to take up jobs in the Public Sector, the government should provide for the transfer of a married working woman to the place at which her husband is working. He feels that a Welfare State like ours should give such privileges for the uplift of the weaker sections of society. He also feels that such a step will promote women's interest and raise their status, since it will lead to their economic independence and thus help the cause of Women's Lib.

I agree that such a step will bring economic independence to a woman — and economic independence is one of the most important avenues through which she can hope to achieve emancipation. But I have a feeling that this kind of privilege will inadvertently tie her to her husband's apron strings. For her job and transfer will depend entirely on her husband's. Hence if our aim is to promote women's emancipation in the real sense of the term, we should plead for more job opportunities both in the Public and Private Sectors, which even married women can take up and leave easily.

Amina Amin, Ahmedabad

We'd like to think the time will come when the government will provide for the transfer of a married working man to the place at which his wife is working! Anyway, that seems a long way away so anything that employers can do for the convenience of the working wife will be gratefully accepted.

3rd PRIZE

UNREWARDED LOVE

A newspaper report says that a 'fragrant promenade' is being built at the home for the elderly blind in Tokyo to allow them to enjoy an outdoor stroll, inhaling the fragrance from the trees and flowers in the promenade. Special nylon rope handrails are set along the pavement so that they can guide themselves in the garden. It is a veritable boon to people, who are both blind and aged — very potent handicaps in life. What tender care and thoughtfulness are implicit in this project which comes as a refreshing eye-opener at a time when everywhere elderly people, let alone the blind ones, are neglected and relegated to the background to be forgotten by their own kith and kin. It is a sad and tragic commentary on the times that in the hurly-burly of present-day life, aged people are considered to be a drag and a hindrance.

Is a lifetime of love and sacrifice to be rewarded by ungratefulness and neglect in old age? It is a sobering thought to remember that our own children will mete out the same treatment to us in our old age.

Miss E. Dhamayanthy Devasundaram, Madras

It is, indeed, a sobering thought — even a heartbreaking and a frightening thought. Perhaps the only "consolation" is that each generation will be tormented with this thought...no one shall escape.

NO PLACE TO STAY

Young men start saving whtat they can after they get a job, to be able to buy a flat and later settle down — unless, of course, they have their parents' homes to fall back upon. It's every man's dream. But the future seems bleak and there's hardly any hope with the housing problem assuming new dimensions. There are youths galore patiently waiting for a flat. They are getting old, trying to save up.

Is this, perhaps, an indirect way for the Government achieving population control? For at the rate the prices of flats are spiralling, we are going to have many more bachelors and spinseters and, therefore, less population. Bravo!

J. B. D'Souza, Bombay

A bad situation. Many young people who desperately want to get married are giving up their high ideals and independent thinking to once again opt for the joint family system. Mother-in-law, here we come!

MAKE THEM SMILE

In this 'International Year of the Child' we are reminded of the basic rights of children. And one of these rights is 'play'. Probably the favourite play of tiny tots is 'Gudda Guddi Ka Khel' (playing with toys and dolls). But what about the poor kids who can't afford even this cheapest source of entertainment? Obviously, the smiles from their innocent faces are snatched by the devil of poverty. But, then, is it not the duty of our society to provide them with their basic right, thus restoring the innocent smile on their stricken faces?

The least we can do for these luckless children is to provide them with toys. Welfare organisations should come forward and join hands to constitute a 'Toys Bank' for poor children. People with enough means should also generously donate 'toys' to such banks. Let's at least take a step to bring smiles on the faces of millions of luckless children.

Miss Madhu, Gurgaon

Many an organisation has, oft and on, tried to build up "Toy Banks" for underprivileged children. However, the efforts have been sporadic and one wonders how many poor children have derived joy and pleasure from the toys. A really concerted drive is needed if we are to put the smiles back on the faces of these unfortunate children.

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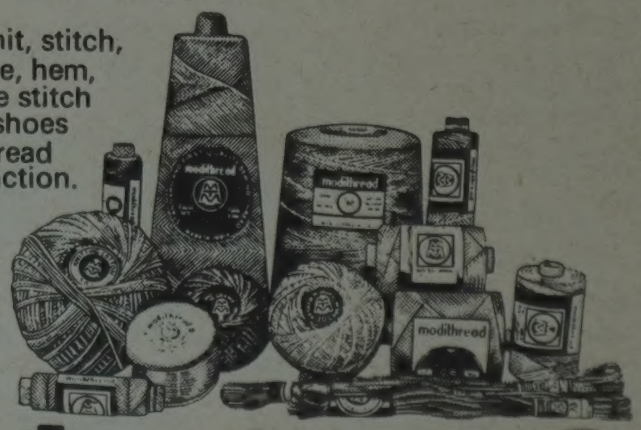

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

ELITIST CRITICISM

I think that it has become a fashion among affluent Hindus to condemn Hindu religion, just to prove that they are different from the illiterate masses.

I do not understand why Ram, who today is nothing more than a legendary figure bringing mental solace to millions of ardent devotees should have bugged Jyoti Punwani! True, Ram did not treat Sita in the most graceful manner, but is it not a known fact that many of our historical and political heroes too have inflicted hardship upon their kith and kin to maintain their greatness? Why then single out Ram?

Of course, it is a privilege bestowed on us Hindus only to speak ill of our religion. No Muslim or Christian will ever dream of condemning the Prophet or Jesus Christ as publicly as the writer has done.

Thank God **Eve's Weekly** is read only by the 'educated'. In remote villages and small towns, Ram Lila will still attract huge crowds.

LATIKA SALGAUNKAR, Kuwait.

TA SIMPLIFIED

The first part of the article "Well-Adjusted Child" (Dec. 23) is quite informative and educative. I would like to congratulate you for introducing in your magazine this subject which gives useful tips on responsible parenting. The author has succeeded in simplifying a complicated subject like TA for the benefit of average readers. I am sure this article will be an eye-opener for many parents, who can now, if they had not in the past, transmit positive messages to their children and help them script glorious dramas of life.

R. P. ODEYAR, Bombay.

BLIND COMMITMENT

This refers to the various comments on Mrs. Gandhi (Jan. 6) by women from South India.

It seems that women have some doubt about Mrs. Gandhi's true face. No doubt she is all woman. But if women consider her leadership a gift to them, they are mistaken. If Mrs. Gandhi and her friends had come to power during the last general elections, the image of India would have been different. And the people who can now talk for or against her would not have had the guts to do so.

During the last general elections, South Indians (this writer is one too) supported her because they did not have any idea about her real face. I feel these people are now supporting her only because the Janata wants to impose Hindi on the South. Otherwise, it is rather shameful that the people of South India should have voted for her in 1977 and again at Chikmagalur, while all other parts of India stood against her. By doing so, South Indians have lowered their image, and indicated that they only want to exist, whether under democracy or dictatorship, even though in other parts of India people may be harassed. Even the Shah Commission did not open their eyes.

Some of the women have said that Mrs. Gandhi is not a fool. She is indeed a fool! Otherwise she would never have tested her support by calling an election. For those who admire her for being a great speaker and fighter — famous dictators like Hitler and Idi Amin were and are great speakers and fighters too.

Their action shows that South Indians, mainly of Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh, are short-sighted. This sort of blind commitment will surely lead our people to disaster.

C. P. RAJENDRAN, New Delhi.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JANUARY 27

REASON WOUNDED

An excerpt from Primila Lewis' recently published book. An account of one woman's awakening to the meaning of human rights and democracy in India.

WOMEN IN TEXTBOOKS

The author evaluates 41 textbooks and the portrayal of women in them. "Our textbooks encourage the same old sexist stereotypes, portraying male-dependent and submissive creatures who need a slap in the face now and again to keep them in line," he concludes.

REPUBLIC DAY

Must we celebrate Republic Day? Two views. It is necessary, says one. It's a waste, says another.

A LONE CRUSADE

Unavoidable circumstances delayed this interview. Nandana Ishbiliya speaks of her silent protest in Chikmagalur.

ALSO

A new monthly column — Artist in Profile.

MODELS WHO

Over two decades ago when one of the first fashion shows was presented in India, it was a sober, staid affair, though it generated a lot of excitement among the public. It was a 'happening' that was talked about for months and the models who were persuaded to take part were untrained beauties whose only qualification was that they dared to come on stage and parade in various clothes. This effort snowballed into a new form of advertising for textile mills who were looking for a more direct contact with the consumer besides the press advertising campaigns. Twenty years later the fashion show is 'big' business which has often resulted in tooth and nail competition among the six or seven organizers (many of them ex-models, thereby belying the fact that models are dumb creatures).

From the Spencer Sisters to the Jeannie Naoroji/Hilla Divecha team to Salome Roy Kapoor to the Ranjana Kapadia/Ajay Anand combo to the solo male organizer (in this female-dominated business) Nazir Mitha, the scene is set for the big 'race' among them to handle the various fashion shows in India. But the reigning queen and the undisputed doyen of fashion show organizing in India is still Jeannie Naoroji, who elevated the somber, tedious, monotonous fashion show from the depths of boredom to the sparkling, entertaining, scintillating fabric-cum-fashion extravaganzas which have kept audiences applauding not only in every major city and mofussil town in India but beyond the Indian shores in Lagos, Sydney, Singapore, Mauritius, Moscow and Germany.

Jeannie's reign started when she was joined by Hilla Divecha in 1967 and established the "India On Show" unit. Today the pair have to their credit 91 shows and over 1,880 performances. "India on Show" have organized fashion-cum-fabric displays for the giants of the Indian textile industry like Calico, DCM, Texprocil, Finlays, Cafi, MMTF (for four years), to name a few, as well as women's magazines. (Jeannie has organized the **Eve's Weekly** fashion show for nine years and owes much of her popularity to the magazine for giving her wide publicity.)

Jeannie Naoroji's passion for creating beautiful things was inherited from her mother, and as a young girl she designed embroidery on sarees and textiles for the women's Industrial Home in her home town Karachi and then in Bombay. This gradually developed into a boutique called "Serena — The Trend Shop" in partnership with the late Freny Talyarkhan and flourished from 1952 to

The author, then Meher Mistry.

Ranjana Kapadia

Nandini Sen

FASHION SHOWS

Salome Roy Kapoor

Jeannie Naoroji

BELYING THE POPULAR MYTH THAT THEY ARE DUMB BEAUTIES, MANY SUCCESSFUL MODELS NOW ORGANIZE THEIR OWN SHOWS — A FIELD THAT IS BIG BUSINESS TODAY

Meher Castelino

'58. "In 1958 I pursued my education in ballet and started conducting classes in deportment which triggered the organizing of the annual Christmas Show for the Maharashtra State Women's Council," explained Jeannie. In 1962, Jeannie went deeper into the designing business and along with Manek Mehta started the export firm of "Malka of India". From here Jeannie branched into the field of fashion show organizing on a full-time basis with her partner Hilla, with the intention of presenting the rich and varied textiles and costumes of India to the outside world and to give foreigners a glimpse of our varying culture. While using the medium of fashion shows as a vehicle Jeannie and Hilla projected the Indian image and helped to publicize the textiles of various mills in India as well as abroad.

What makes an "India on Show" production an event that is talked about for days? What is this special quality in their shows that made the team travel six times out of India in 1978?

When Jeannie and Hilla start a show, every minute detail is taken into account. While Jeannie visualizes and presents the concept to the client, designs the clothes, music, sets, lights, choreography and checks the script, Hilla takes complete command of the backstage operations of tailoring, fittings, finance and a million other details that go into the organizing of a show.

Jeannie puts excessive accent on teamwork and technical perfection. "Rehearsals and rigid discipline have made my shows what they are today, plus I am fortunate to have an excellent team who handle the music, lights, stage and script."

In spite of tremendous methodical work Jeannie's competitors and critics describe her shows as 'tamashas' and point out that her creations are way out and impracticable. "First of all I object to the word 'tamasha'. I present models and fabrics in an interesting, entertaining manner so that the audience can sit through a two-hour show without squirming in their seats. As far as fashions are concerned I have never made claims that I am a designer and I do not present fashion shows but fabric shows or displays. Therefore, my designs may not be haute couture (although I am a great admirer of it and some of my designs for Malka were exported to the best fashion houses in Paris, London, Rome and New York), but my aim is the display of the mills' fabrics to their maximum advantage. They are only an expression of fashion ideas into fabrics to give the current Indian Look. During our numerous visits abroad we were repeatedly told not to ape the West but to maintain our own individual identity."

Jeannie has worked with all the top models from Iona, Carolyn, Meher, Persis to Salome, Nazir, Shai and now the latest group of Ranjana, Nandini, Deepak, etc.

She selects a model for her height, slim figure, compact light body, positive smiling personality, sense of dedication to the job, a ear for music and above all a sense of humour! "During a show each model's personality has to be developed and presented to its fullest." Jeannie deplores the lack of training schools in India and the dearth of trained models. "Considering the fact that there are now six to seven organizers in India there should be a queue of models waiting to participate, but one has to often look hard for good talent."

Jeannie's eye for discovering new faces launched the statuesque ebony-skinned Phyllis Mendes' career as a model for Cardin in Paris. Jeannie is upset by the stigma that is attached to the models as career girls. "Some journals and magazines have painted models as scatter-brained, irresponsible egoists who cannot be taken seriously. But modelling is a job which is as honourable and respected as a secretary's or an executive's. Both earn wages after putting in a lot of hard work. A model's life is full of rigid discipline, hectic working hours, whether it is before the camera or on stage."

At present Jeannie is involved in conducting a talent hunt on behalf

Continued on page 47

Leave that razor alone!

Cream hair away the lovely Anne French way

What's a girl like you doing with that razor? Shaving? But it's for men!

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BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women? On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

USEFUL DATA AMID A TIRADE

INDIAN WOMEN AND SEX by S. N. Rampal; Printox Publishers. Price Rs. 40.

In a social set-up governed by sexual taboos and inhibitions, a book that claims to be "a sociological study on the sexual inclinations of women" is bound to be received with a mixture of interest and scepticism. **Indian Women and Sex** promises more than it achieves. It is the product of the author's awareness of, and indignation towards, the exploitation of women as a class throughout history. However, he is guilty of over-sentimentalizing the issue to the point of questionability. In the opening chapter itself he says: "Because of the superior qualities in women, it is necessary that man, if he is understanding, should bow to woman and regard her as a superior being. To honour one's flag, one's woman and one's emotions is the primary requirement of a sensible citizen."

Not a very promising start for a book that claims to be an analysis. However, though some of the chapters meander along in the same vein, fortunately the author has gathered sufficient data that saves the book from degenerating into a tirade of expletives and it emerges as a reasonable compilation of studies about women.

Reviewing the backdrop that colours attitudes towards the Indian woman's role in sexual relations, Mr. Rampal quotes extensively from Vatsyayana's **Kama Sutra.** Statements like "women realize great enjoyment during their union with men. Their real pleasure, however, springs from the consciousness of being realized", and "the man takes pleasure in the belief that he is active while the woman feels it in the knowledge that she is united with man" rationalise the specious belief that woman feels gratified simply by being an object for man's pleasure. Mr. Rampal goes on to say that the "conditioning of Indian womanhood is so rigid that a model Indian woman is a picture of sexlessness. To speak of sex, to read of sex, to discuss sex and even to express a desire to her own husband is a taboo so that the only function left to her is that of child producing."

Quoting the **Kama Sutra's** concepts of a wife's duties, the author says these should centre on "household chores, including washing her husband's feet which she should never entrust to servants. She should sleep after he has gone to sleep and wake up before he wakes up. She should take vows and fasts for his benefit, should not divulge her husband's secrets concerning his wealth, etc., should budget the income, mend worn-out garments, should obey parents-in-law and be modest in their presence. She should like or dislike people according to her husband's likes or dislikes; she should sleep near her mother-in-law when her husband is away and not visit her parents except on festivals or death." The author goes on to conclude that "books like the **Kama Sutra** at some stage appear to be a part of the male conspiracy which has gone on ever since his creation to keep the female under his control out of some fear that she may destroy him if she was not totally disciplined and indoctrinated for all time to come, so that her existence was meant for only one purpose — man's happiness... Vatsyayana's advice makes her a complete slave in all matters, so much so that she is not supposed to have a mind of her own, let alone a free will. A majority of the Indian population, it may be surprising to say, still believe what has been written by Vatsyayana."

What alarms the author is woman's willing acceptance of this subordinate role in order to gain a "conflict-free existence, nonetheless the existence of an ignorant slave". But the moment she becomes aware of herself and her potential for development either through education or through the example of other women, the conflict starts. The emancipated slave had the tradition of free man to go by. The emancipated woman has to fit into roles that are a part of man's domain. The values of today's emancipated women are still governed by tradition and this results in inner conflicts. Much before she can claim her equal rights with man she has to have a guilty conscience for defying her elders, her religion and society in general. How far she will be able to challenge the artificiality perpetuated over centuries is something she has to answer for herself.

Discussing present-day attitudes towards sex, the author says that for the man sex is "an escape from the mundane on the one hand and from helplessness on the other, just as drinking is on a similar plane while meditation or sublimation to arts and aesthetics is on another. . . his escape in sex is often revengeful escape because of his limited capacity for sublimation. . . sex gives him a transferred sense of achievement and woman is the object. . . In the process he gives a severe blow to the legitimacy of the woman's role. Already conditioned to be sacrificing through indoctrination of religious dogmas she has to be doubly humble to be able to absorb the frustrations of the male, his social inadequacies and his numerous failures at every step". Thus woman functions in the unenviable position of shock absorber between man and his frustrations.

A valuable contribution of the book lies in a discussion of hitherto taboo subjects like masturbation, homosexuality, male/female orgasm in marital relations without seeking to titillate. Mr. Rampal has based his conclusions on generalisations drawn from Western researchers — mainly Alfred Kinsey — on the assumption that "with common mammalian ancestry human beings cannot be very different, particularly in matters which have direct animal functions like sex". However, his statistics based on a questionnaire sent to 160 doctors in Delhi (compared to Kinsey's studies covering more than 10,000 case histories) can hardly be considered valid. For example, his estimate that 85 per cent of Indian city girls have some kind of petting experience, while 55 per cent have coital experience and approximately 60 per cent have homosexual and/or masturbatory experience is highly questionable.

The book could do with some drastic editing to cut down on the emotionalism as well as greater attention to proofreading. Spelling, grammar and punctuation errors abound on every page. Here's one howler. "Penetration is a male fad which does not have the same value in woman's thought".

BANAL ADVICE

LEST YOU STUMBLE/ GOOD MANNERS FOR TEENAGERS by Gratian Vaz; Better Yourself Books. Price Rs. 8.50.

"A damn bore" was the verdict of two college students after going through Gratian Vaz's **Lest You Stumble** and frankly one has to agree. 185 pages of moralistic platitudes that leave today's outgoing collegian untouched and can hardly help the diffident adolescent to gain comfort or confidence with trite statements like "Get this straight, as long as you are a healthy boy, girls will like you: they have to! So you start with a distinct advantage." Banal advice, at best.

Meher Pestonji

WHY BE A MOTHER?

Mikki Hariani

A childless or 'barren' woman has often to face social ridicule, contempt, even ostracism. But more and more women are asking now : is a woman's role only to produce children? Motherhood alone, they say, is not the fulfilment of a woman's life

Until recently even in Western countries, feminine success was defined in terms of finding a husband and sealing such a tie with children. Women were (and still are) schooled from their own infancy to anticipate marriage and consequent motherhood. No alternatives existed. It was unthinkable that a woman could ever choose to be unmarried, leave alone not have children! Once married, a woman's duty was to produce as many children as possible as well as tend to her husband's every whim. Women who couldn't have children were considered unlucky and were often deplorably ill-treated. Marriage and children were synonymous. The old truism that no woman is a successful human being without a child is a universal one and has nothing at all to do with geography. Nevertheless, for many women nowadays, such a truism wears a white beard and walks with an increasingly uncertain step.

Most people think that couples who opt for voluntary childlessness are wholly or in part not quite normal, because we have been conditioned to think so right from childhood. The vast majority of people find it incomprehensible that a woman can choose not to have children. Nevertheless, there is a growing minority of women who are doing just that. In a recent survey carried out by Redbook, it was seen that six per cent of the total sample (80,000) did not want to have babies. (Incidentally, it was also seen in the same poll that women who did not want babies were no longer thought of as selfish by other women.) Every now and then the letters page in popular foreign magazines such as **Over 21, Cosmopolitan, Woman's Journal** and even **Time** publish letters from women who have chosen to marry and remain childless. It must be remembered too that though the decision whether or not to become parents has necessarily to be a joint one, very often women who do not want children end up having them in order to comply with their husband's wishes. (That the reverse of this situation also takes place cannot be denied either.)

Why do these people decide not to have children? Since the earth is already overpopulated, some couples really do remain childless out of a sense of social duty. Others adopt children in preference to having their own. Some women decide not to have children because the maternal role does not appeal to them. Still others are totally disinterested in becoming mothers. A recent issue (September 11) of **Time** had in it a letter from an American couple who said that they had made the decision to opt for a 'no child' career-play lifestyle eleven years ago when they married and had backed up their decision with a vasectomy. A very successful professional woman I know is in her mid-forties and looks back on a childless life with enormous pleasure. Remaining childless, she feels, has allowed her to remain free — free to go abroad for long periods with her husband, free to pursue a career wherever it takes her and primarily free from a responsibility she did not want : that of shaping another human being. Another woman says that she withstood years of well-meant pressure to have children by saying that should she ever regret not having children she would adopt them. She feels that there is nothing irrevocable about this. As she continues to consider freedom and children antithetical she continues to be glad that she chose as she did. As far back as in 1901, Ida Husted Harper (a leading American suffragist) wrote that motherhood represented a huge sacrifice of other kinds of talents and might not be the right choice for every woman. Some marriages ought to remain childless, she wrote. More recently the late Margaret Mead pointed out that we may already be moving towards a

LEFT: For her there is no choice. Not having the education or social consciousness to make a deliberate decision, she can only be an object of her man's sexual desires — with the inevitable result of a brood of children.

em under which, as she put "Parenthood would be limit- to a small number of families ose principal function would child-bearing leaving the rest the population free to func- for the first time in history as viduals."

Whenever people who have ided not to have children e ventured to voice their opi- ns in public, they have been nced by accusations that they e selfish not to have child- This is probably a throwback the days when large families e necessary not only for the ival of the immediate fami- out also for the good of the mmunity in which they lived. ause high birth rates were essary to offset the high th rates through the many turies of man's existence, most ures have extolled child- ring and motherhood. Met- s to prevent pregnancy or d childbearing have either n repressed or tolerated rather encouraged. Old taboos prejudices die hard, which is obably why couples who de- against having children are looked upon as selfish in overcrowded globe with ndling world resources!

Most people who have chosen ntarily not to have children not publicize the fact. This ntirely natural as such deci- s are obviously very perso- On the other hand, there remendous external pressure those who dare to deviate

Bi Rahm Dev

Bringing up a child is a holiday-less three-shift job. For the mother there tends to be no separate existence, no thoughts of career. Even ambition may become vicarious — to see the child grow up and achieve something in life.

ELOW : Children are the joy of life, the flowers of mankind. Should the mother be content be a protective thorn on the rose stem?

from the 'normal' path of parenthood to conform to the generally accepted norms. People who have opted out of parenthood are made to feel guilty as well as abnormal because of their views. This is particularly so in India as someone I know found out the hard way. Elaine is a cheerful, forthright woman in her late twenties, and has been married for eight years to an Indian who returned to Bombay a year ago. They had decided that they did not want children when they married. Elaine had been warned not to publicise her views on motherhood when she arrived here, but found that she got heartily sick of smiling sweetly and silently each time she was asked the million rupee question about when she intended starting a family. She eventually ended up by telling the truth to her horrified questioners, who excused her somewhat because she is a foreigner. But she now has to listen to lengthy lectures on how abnormal she is. What Elaine resents most is that no one asks her husband his views but immediately assumes that not having children is wholly her idea instead of a joint decision.

Even those who do not publicize their views on not having children are not allowed to carry on their lives peacefully, the way they want to, because of the tendency of people to query their childless state at every opportunity.

For some odd reason even the most inhibited of people do not hesitate to ask total strangers why they don't have children. Sunitha is an extremely career-oriented woman in her late twenties, married for over seven years. Her husband wholeheartedly supports her view that children are not for them. Over the years she has been told by countless near-strangers that she should have children, for reasons varying from pleasing her parents and in-laws to holding on to her husband! Once a woman who had met Sunitha for the first time that day asked her how many children she had. When Sunitha replied that she had none, the woman asked how many years she had been married. When she learnt that Sunitha had been married no fewer than seven years, she immediately recommended an excellent fertility clinic and backed up this information with several success stories!

Mala, a friend of Sunitha, has also opted out of motherhood.

Continued on page 43

CHANGING ROLES: A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

In the early 1960s the United States experienced an exceptional awakening of social change, after a relatively peaceful post-war period. The Civil Rights Amendment took hold and began to have some real meaning. Black Americans started stepping into their rightful place in society, mostly through peaceful non-violent marches, demonstrations and sit-ins inspired by Mahatma Gandhi. And for the first time in its history men began questioning the government's right to draft them into an unjust war. Young men simply refused to fight. "Hell, no, we won't go!" was heard clear across the land as draft cards went up in flames. Both men and women, all over the country, joined forces in attacking the almighty power of the Armed Forces. A tiny pill originally meant to help regulate a woman's menstrual period proved to be 99 per cent effective as a birth control device, and suddenly gained wide acceptance as a contraceptive. And in a suburban New York home, a housewife let the dishes soak in the kitchen sink while she wrote a book that was to send tremors through millions of other suburban households.

Today, some dozen years later, black Americans have made giant steps in their battle for equality. And, no President would dare commit his fellow man to another irrational war. We, like India, now have a volunteer military force. And, the Pill has unquestionably revolutionized the birth control and over-population issue throughout the world. It has also, along with legalized abortion, made it possible for a woman to have complete control over her own body for the first time in history. And Betty Friedan, the woman who wrote **Feminine Mysti-**

LEFT : Betty Friedan, founder of NOW (National Organization for Women) and author of 'Feminine Mystique', leads marchers in Washington to demand constitutional equality for women.

American women parade past the U.S. Capitol in 1914 in one of the many demonstrations during their long struggle to win the vote. National suffrage for women was achieved in 1920.

NEARLY TWO DECADES AGO THE AMERICAN WOMAN BEGAN A SOCIAL REVOLUTION THAT SENT TREMORS THROUGH EVERY HOUSEHOLD. WHAT MYTHS AND MALE BASTIONS HAS THE LIB QUAKE DEMOLISHED SINCE THEN? AND HOW CHANGED IS THE ROLE OF WOMAN IN AMERICA TODAY?

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que, has been assured of a place in history as the Mother of the Modern Women's Movement. For the sexual revolution, as it is sometimes called, touches almost every office, school, factory, church, shop and home in the United States. Nowhere is the changing relationship between female/male greater than in the United States.

To speak of the Women's Movement, which is dedicated to economic and social issues, creates strong feelings — pro and con — for no one has been unaffected by this phenomenon. And for a woman to speak of the Women's Movement brings forth memories of personal involvement. For even if you didn't march in a parade, join a woman's consciousness-raising group, or belong to the National Organization for Women, you were bound to be caught up in the movement's current. For women could no longer be blind to the fact that men earned more money for the same type of work, simply because they were men. Too many women were now in the job market. Today 55 out of every 100 women work in the United States. And at an inferior wage level. The average income of a college educated woman is $2,000 less than the average income of a high school graduate male. Over the past fifteen years, the single most important change in the labour market comes from the greater participation of women. Since 1965, the single most dramatic change has been the increased participation of married women under age thirty-five in the work force. And since 1970, the single most dramatic change has been the increased participation of married women under age thirty-five with children under the age of three. There is a definite need to work outside the home. Whether it is field, factory, office, school, or shop, it is usually the survival of her family, or herself, that forces the woman out into the job market. So less pay for equal work turned into one of the motivating forces behind the Women's Movement.

"The man has a family to support" was the familiar excuse heard for the inequities in wages earned. "But, I'm single and have children to support by myself," a woman would point out logically. "I'm sorry, but it's the child support courts or welfare you need to talk to, lady, not me. I didn't make the rules and that's the way life is." But, of course, employers had made the rules and they soon found it did not pay to be so blunt. Too many employers were beginning to be brought into court fights of their own under Class Action suits. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, a result of the Civil Rights Act, was swamped with formal charges of job discrimination. Blue-collar and white-collar workers alike began to legally protest the injustices in the marketplace. The next tactic was to create different job titles and job descriptions. When I left a job with one company to seek a better salary with another, I found that an even better salary had been given to the man hired to replace me at the old job. When I protested this injustice, I was told it was a "different job now because it entailed more responsibility". A classic case for the over-loaded, over-worked Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

The late Margaret Mead, anthropologist and writer, who delighted in describing matriarchal societies to a patriarchal America.

But, I think the middle-aged housewife has an even greater challenge than her younger sisters. It is a harder struggle for her in some ways. Having spent most of her life being known as Mrs. John Doe, she comes to think of herself as just Mrs. John Doe, instead of Jane Doe. She has the real identity crisis. With children grown, housework reduced to a minimum, she stands at a crossroads. She can either continue to tell herself that her role as mother and housewife is a life-long career, or she must be brave and find a new identity. Volunteer change is not easy for one who has been protected from the so-called real world. Change is more likely to happen when it is thrust upon oneself. Widowhood, or a sudden divorce in mid-life does not give one the time to meditate on goals. You must jump into the current and start swimming. And you swim harder if there is a child or children to support. One of every six children under 18 lives with only one parent. And two out of every five marriages end in divorce. Studies that adequately take into account economic status show that there are few differences in school achievements, social adjustment, and delinquent behaviour between children from one parent and two parent homes of comparable economic status. My oldest child was 13 at the time of my own divorce. I was both amazed and pleased with his ease of adjustment to a one-parent situation. His school grades improved, he became more outgoing socially, and more mature in sharing family responsibilities. The tension and strain of living with two people who are unhappy together is bound to have an adverse affect on a child.

When, I, too, became a divorce statistic in the early 1970s, I quickly discovered that I could not hope to earn the same as a man. I had never even thought about this inequality when I was a single working girl in the 1950s. Young women were expected to live at home until married. Or they went away to college where they studied liberal arts until the "right man" came along. For it had been impressed on the all-American girl all her life that her goal was to marry the most eligible bachelor available, attain the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval, and live happily ever after with her 2.5 children. Yes, there were Career Women, but they were always portrayed as being exceptional. "She thinks just like a man" was often the admiring remark made about these women. Many would remark, as well, that, "She doesn't think she needs a man." Or, when they really wanted to express their disapproval or hidden envy, they would say, "What can you expect; no man would have her!" Some women were so exceptional they would rise above these judgemental attitudes. They were often admired or idealized for their rebel way of life because it was so successful. They helped provide the courage for women who felt the need for social change in later years. They came from the mold of the independent frontier women. They were many, of course. Some of my favorites are

CHANGING ROLES: A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

women like Amelia Erhart, the pioneer air explorer. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist who delighted in describing matriarchal societies to a patriachal America. In reference to Motherhood she once said, "Motherhood is like being a crack tennis player or ballet dancer — it lasts just so long, then it's over. We've focused on wifehood and reproductivity with no clue about what to do with mother after the children have left home." And Margaret Sanger, who persistently reopened her birth control clinics in crowded New York every time she was released from jail. In fact, if we are to acknowledge Betty Friedan as the Mother of the Modern Women's Movement, we could easily call Ms. Sanger its Grandmother, for she clearly recognized the oppression women suffered through one unplanned pregnancy after another, and she had the courage to defy a male-dominated society by instructing women in the few methods of birth control available during the early 1900s. And to climax her career by encouraging the development and mass distribution of the oral contraceptive. The only oral contraceptive until the Pill was introduced was the word "No".

Even if the married woman did work, it was usually to help hubby finish his schooling, or help feather the nest until he reached the top rungs of the executive ladder. And then it became unfashionable to work outside the home. It might bruise the male ego at that point to discover one's wife actually enjoyed working, enjoyed the feeling of independence and self-esteem it might give her. So then the little woman, with her children way past the toddling stage, and her electrical appliances whizzing through her housework in record time, turned to the respectable activity of volunteer community service. Sometimes even this avenue was looked upon with apprehension by an insecure male. When I volunteered to help the League of Women Voters do a survey on curriculum needs in the local schools, I remember my former husband's disapproval. Whether he felt school courses should be a man's decision, or just was reacting in general to the ever increasing cry for women's involvement in life's decisions, I was never sure. But I do know that I wasn't the only woman on that committee who faced disapproval both from husbands at home and the male teachers in the school system.

So, when a supposedly happily fulfilled housewife suddenly found she actually needed or wanted to become a career woman, it is little wonder that the experience created all sorts of anxieties, frustrations and bitterness. In many cases she had little or no job experience to fall back on. And few resources available. Back-to-school was an expensive and time-consuming experience. And if she did manage to earn a degree, often she found the job market glutted, or a man was given preference, or the wages were inferior.

I was slow to awaken to the needs of women in general until I found myself facing discrimination. This is too often the case in life. I was actually shocked when I was told I could not have a credit card. "But I've always had credit cards," I cried. (In America a credit card is often preferred to cash, as unbelievable as that sounds!) "Oh, you mean you had credit cards when you were married. You see, you are single now and frankly you are considered a financial risk." "But I can furnish a financial statement of my income and savings." "But the point is, mam, a woman simply does not have the same job security status a man has. Sorry." Sometimes they didn't even say sorry, or bother to go through the explanations. I mean everyone knew you just weren't supposed to ask. Even today, as a married woman, I find that most companies will issue a credit card in my husband's name only. The Equal Credit Opportunity Act was passed in 1974, forbidding lenders to discriminate on the basis of sex or marital status with respect to any aspect of a credit transaction. Enforcement is not automatic, however, since the burden for enforcing the regulation falls heavily on the consumer. When I decided to invest my savings in a small cottage, I found that I could not establish credit in my own name. The bank informed me I could not be granted a mortgage without my father's signature, or even my ex-husband's, they suggested. My father?? "But I'm 37 years old and have not been dependent on him since I was 18." And the thought of an ex-husband agreeing to be responsible for my house payments was too ludicrous to think about. Like most ex-husbands, even child support payments awarded by the courts were not taken seriously. (Only 44% of divorced mothers are awarded child support. Of these, 47%, less than half, collect regularly.) My father was in his 70s, in ill health, living on a small fixed pension, and still he had more credit validity than I did, working full-time with a savings account big enough for a sizeable down-payment. This was scarcely five years ago. I don't think this would happen today, thanks to the voices of millions of indignant women. Yes, I did protest. I went into the chief bank officer's office and said you either take my money on my signature alone or it's no deal. To my astonishment, they did. And I discovered that this is one of the strengths behind the whole Movement: speaking up.

Today it is difficult for me to remember that there was a time in my life when I was not liberated. Probably because it is a painful memory. When I was 18 years old, my father had an airplane, and because my brother was not around and my father wanted company on his cross-country flights, I learned to fly. I remember how proud he was of me, that he felt I could do something as well as a man. I also remember at the same age how reluctant he was to spend the money for me to go to college because "women are supposed to get married and have families and it is just a waste of time and money." Today, I seriously doubt that my father would question my daughter's rights and need for a college education.

One does not realize one is unliberated. To be sure, you may have nagging doubts about your worth to society. But it is only when you venture out into the world and try to effect a change in your lifestyle that you face the restrictions society has imposed on you. And you realise you really are a second-class citizen. That the so-called pedestal that man put you on is an illusion, spun out of sugar candy, to make you feel important and never question his right to rule the world, make life's decisions, reap the rewards, and enjoy the supremacy. There is a set pattern of sexism built into society's dominant values and institutions. Male-dominated family and social systems are nearly universal. I have often wondered why man has always felt this need to dominate woman. In the States the anti-feminist movement, which is strongly grounded in fundamental religion, has a pat answer: "The Bible Tells Us So". In India your Hindu religion at least gives equal attention to gods and goddesses. But still male domination is a clear pattern all over the world. Marabel Morgan was another woman who sat home and wrote a book. She called it **The Total Woman,** and it became a manual in manipulating man to woman's wishes. "If you want a new refrigerator, girls, this the way to go about it....", was typical of her advice. A degrading exercise for both men and women. It has become the Bible of the anti-feminist movement. It appeals very strongly to the woman who wants to believe she belongs on that pedestal and is afraid to get off of it. And men who fear or do not understand woman's need for equality are perfectly happy to help keep her there.

Today, President Carter and his wife actively speak out for women's rights. But as you know the battle is far from won. In our country or yours. In India you already have constitutional equality. You only need to enforce your laws. Recently Congress agreed to extend the deadline for the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. Females all over the world are victims of a patriarchal system — a system which places all its political, legal, social, and particularly economic power in the hands of the male. It is this inherited patriarchal system which is the real enemy to men and women alike. Once woman achieves a true equality with man socially and economically, think of the relief and joy man could have in knowing the heavy responsibilities are going to be shared. I am optimistic that most men and women will see the importance of sharing these responsibilities equally. I believe when my daughter, Trish, now nine, is twenty-one, she can look to an adulthood based more on choice than on chance.

(This is the text of a talk by Charlene Skidmore at USICA's forum on "Sex Roles in America", December 19, 1978.)

This is the saga of a Jungle Woman who left her forest home to follow her English husband into "civilisation". In this, the first of three instalments, Shukutu talks of England and her attempts to embark on a totally new life.

I WAS A WOMAN FROM THE 'LOST WORLD'

MY TRAVEL OUT OF THE JUNGLE

Anna Wilson

The thought of leaving my forest home to travel to England filled me with untold fears. How would I cope with a strange, new life? What would my husband's family think of me? Would I die when the cold weather came? Would the guardian spirits of the forest desert me because I had left my home? Could I possibly learn to live like an English woman the way Mike, my husband, had learned to live as an Indian? What would be expected of me? Oh dear, how frightened I was!

But despite all my fears I **wanted** to go to England. I wanted to be with Mike, no matter where. And, I felt it was my duty to my family and my people to travel to the land of the whites, to see and learn the ways of the people who had come to our land so long ago and taught us their ways. In the past, many whites had come into the forest. They had killed Indians, taken land and tried to destroy our way of life. But other whites had also come, kind people who sought only to help the Indians. To teach us to come to terms with the new life that would come when all the forest was taken over. How could there be such different men from the same land? There were many things I wanted to learn.

Before I left the forest, my father, Christo, the leader of our group, called all the people together and spoke to them of my leaving. When I watch television (I love it!) westerns and see the American Indians I am reminded of my father, for he speaks much as the Indian chiefs of the American West speak.

We all gathered round the camp fire. My father spoke. "Soon Shukutu (my Indian name, meaning 'Little One') will leave us. She goes to join Koraishelee (Mike's Indian name, meaning 'Red Hair') in his land. Our hearts will be sad because we shall no longer see her smile or hear her laughter. There will be an emptiness, as there was when Koraishelee left us. But it is right that she must go to the land of the whites. It is right that an Indian woman should be with her husband. But more, my daughter has been chosen to make a great journey, to see and to learn many new things. Shukutu will go where none of us have ever been. This is a great thing, for she will be able to tell the whites of our life here in the forest. Many things will befall her. But she is Arawak and all things that

ABOVE : Shukutu seen with her family before she left her forest home.

LEFT : A British cop helps Anna cross a busy road in Derby.

come to her, good or evil, she will bear. She is our messenger, so we must put aside our grief at her going and call upon the spirits of the forest to give her courage and protect her. Though she will not be among us, her spirit will be with us, as is the spirit of Koraishelee. Let us sing. Let our hearts tell the forest she has our blessing. . ."

So, with the blessing of my father and my people I prepared to leave my home. I journeyed first to Georgetown, Guyana, where friends had kindly arranged for me to stay prior to leaving for England.

When the day to leave arrived I was nervous and anxious. I clutched the last letter from Mike, telling me of the arrangements. I travelled by car to the airport and saw for the first time the huge plane that was to take me to England.

During the journey, my mind went back over the years and now my life had changed. It all happened, of course, when I met Mike. . .

Word had come to us in the forest that a visitor was to come to Georgetown from England, a visitor from the Royal Family. We Indians were asked to put on a display and as this was at a time when my father had brought us to a river mission we had a chance to go. And so it was that while in town I met Mike. He was a writer from England who had come to learn about the Indians, so it was natural that he should be introduced to us.

When I first saw him I was amazed. He seemed so tall and his skin was so white. His hair was like the gold in the forest creeks. In my heart I felt this man was special. I was right.

I made arrangements to stay in town. Mike and I got to know each other and after only four months we were married in church. We then travelled into the forest to join my father. During the next four years Mike learned to become an Indian. It wasn't easy. It was a year before my family would truly accept that he had come to **learn** from us and not to **teach** us. But, slowly, my father and the people saw that Mike sought to be one of us, and so he was schooled and trained. Now Mike is an Indian — he has an Indian name, a home, family, guardian spirits, and has smoked the manicole — a drug from the maincole palm that all Indian men must smoke in order to "see beyond the forest" and learn of the spirits.

Those years in the forest were truly wonderful and I was happier than ever before. But then, bad things began to happen. Men came from the town spreading word throughout the forest that the land of the Indian was to become part of a new nation that would be called Guyana, and no Indian could stay in the forest if he did not accept this new nation.

Mike went to the city to try and help the Indian cause, but those in the city saw him as a threat and so the government paid for him to be returned home to England. Mike was the first Englishman to be deported from a former British colony. He had done no wrong. no charges were made against him: power-hungry men feared him, and so he had to leave.

Thus it was that a few months after Mike left our forest home I found myself on my way to join him.

Anna poses for a jungle glamour shot for husband Mike's camera.

Of course, in Georgetown friends had taught me some of the problems of English dress, and as I became used to it I must admit I enjoyed it to a certain extent. Lingerie especially thrilled me. I loved the feel of the soft material against my skin, and how nice my breasts looked in a bra! Coming to terms with stockings and suspender belt was a problem, and I found the belt left ugly marks around my hips! But, gradually, I got used to them and as I became accustomed to these new things so I began to enjoy them. Even now (I'm 42) I still enjoy the feel of exciting lingerie.

The customs officer at, Heathrow appeared to be expecting me and I ushered through promptly. The noise. hustle, vast crowd and activity was over-powering. I had never seen so many people! I felt lost and terribly afraid.

Then, through the crowd a figure emerged. It was Mike! How different he looked in a suit! In seconds I was in his arms, and we clung together.

Suddenly, there was a great flash of lights and we were surrounded by men! More noise and confusion. Questions, more lights flashing. It was the Press. I'd never experienced such a thing before and I felt faint. Mike got me through the crowd and the man whose paper was covering my arrival got us into a taxi and sped us off to a hotel nearby.

More newsmen at the hotel, but by now I was calmer. Rooms had been booked for us, and the man from the "Express" kindly helped us to settle in.

Suddenly, I was stunned to see in the corner of the room a small box with very little people trapped inside! I squealed at Mike, "Look, look, look, little people, who are they, who are they!"

It was my first sight of a television set!

My first few days in England were spent in London. Mike showed me some of the places of interest that most tourists see. But for me, everything was of interest. I wanted to see and learn, and at first I took things far too quickly. The huge buildings, the vast crowds and traffic! All of it took my breath away and frightened me.

EXCLUSIVE

It's hard to record my exact feelings of those first few days in London. Everything seemed such a turmoil. Screeching traffic, line after line of it speeding through the streets only inches away from people. In some ways it reminded me of the soldier ants in the forest, madly scurrying without any apparent motive or plan. People in such numbers. I never realised that so many people existed! And all of them rushing all the time. Some would pause to look in shop windows, but most were hustling to who knows where. I looked at the women. How strange and yet how lovely many of them were. Blondes, redheads, all colours, and all dressed in so many different outfits.

Nights were equally full of wonder. The lights reminded me of the "candle flies" in the forest. Eerie little creatures who light up the jungle as they flit through the trees. But in London there were thousands of lights, all created by the "magic" called electricity. Mike did his best to explain it to me, but even today I still do not understand what electricity really is. Night brought its own sounds too. In the forest we are used to the jungle night this is when most of the animals go out hunting, and their calls can be heard, along with the night birds and other creatures that roam out in the gloom.

While all these things thrilled me, I still felt very afraid, and I missed my family very much. I think perhaps the best times were

late at night when Mike and I were in bed in the hotel. The big bed was soft and warm and I felt safe. And here, for a few hours, I could recapture with Mike the wonders of being a woman in love. I must confess that I had some lovely lingerie with me and enjoyed "being a woman" for Mike. No matter where two people are, when they are in love, their surroundings become unimportant. I had been a bit afraid that Mike might not love me the same in England as he had done in the forest — with all those lovely England girls around I felt very vulnerable — but I need not have worried. Mike showed me his love as only a man can!

I had to learn how to handle money of course, and in our hotel room Mike spread out notes and coins and taught me their value. We played 'shop' for hours. Mike would ask me to give him so much, and I would sort out the right coins. Soon, I felt I was ready to make a real purchase, so the next day we set out for my first spending spree.

Like most women, I love cosmetics (we use our own kind in the forest) so decided it would be these I would buy first. Mike promised not to interfere, and we even entered the store separately — but Mike was not far away!

The cosmetic counter was packed with everything. I wanted some lipsticks. There they all were, dozens of them in all colours. I didn't feel afraid, I was too interested. Soon I had about six lipsticks scattered over the counter. I was trying out the colour on my arm when the assistant approached. Now I began to feel nervous. But I need not have worried, the assistant was really kind and patient, and by the time I had made my final choice there were fourteen lipsticks of assorted colour spread on the counter, the tops of some were missing, my arm was a mess, but the assistant was laughing with me and I felt nice. I finally chose three and then emptied my purse to sort out the money. It took me some time to get things right, but I managed. And when the assistant brought my change I was delighted to be able to tell her it was my first 'big purchase'.

I must tell you about the trip to what is called a fashionable lingerie shop in central London. Mike would rather forget the whole incident (so he says!) but now after all these years I can see how funny — and maybe strange to the assistant — the whole affair was.

We were walking down a main street one day when I suddenly spotted a huge display window full of exciting finery. As we paused to look, Mike spotted a housecoat and told me I needed one for the cold days and nights. So we went in. Fortunately, as it turned out, we had to go up to the first floor showroom. Here was a magnificent array of clothes especially for the bedroom! There was just one assistant and we explained what I wanted. The assistant brought the housecoat and showed me to a changing room. Meantime, Mike was 'browsing'. I quickly stripped off all my clothes and put on the housecoat. It was far too long (I'm only four foot, nine inches tall) so I went out to show Mike. Both he and the assistant could see the garment was too big, so we all three began searching the racks for something else.

Suddenly, on one rack I spotted a lovely shortie nightie. Without thinking, I discarded the housecoat and began slipping the nightie on. I was halfway to getting the nightie on when I heard the exclamation from the assistant. Then I realized. I was naked. In trying on the housecoat I had discarded **all** my clothes.

I wriggled into the nightie and looked in alarm at the assistant — and Mike. Mike was trying to hide a smile. But the assistant looked terrified! "Madam, oh, please, madam is not dressed!"

I quickly dressed, and Mike had me out of that shop and down the road in literally seconds!

Those early days in London passed quickly and soon it was time for us to travel to our home in Derby.

This was to be my most trying time. I was terribly nervous about meeting Mike's folks. Naturally, they knew about our marriage and indeed had given us their blessing. All the same, the forthcoming meeting filled me with fear.

I wondered if they would blame me for Mike having been deported from Guyana. How did they **really** feel about their son having married an Indian? And despite Mike's comforting words, I still felt very afraid. And, as each day passed I began to miss my family more and more. Soon I was to suffer acute homesickness.

Fainally, the day came and we were on the train for Derby.

We had planned to stay with Mike's parents for a while, and they had very kindly suggested we time our arrival to coincide with their holiday. They felt that some time along with Mike in our new home would give me a chance to settle in so much better. It was a lovely gesture.

And so began the settling in, adapting to my new life, the frustrations, the successes, trying to cope with the traffic — my constant fear.

Shopping alone. Getting lost and being brought home on more than one occasion! Learning the 'secrets' of the gas cooker. Coping with a bath, as opposed to the cleaner 'shower'. Learning about British birds and encouraging them to the garden. My interest in gardening and growing crops for the table. Coming to terms with the terrible fact that I would not be able to have a child.

There were so many things to learn. And there were many things I tried to explain to my new family and friends. In this I don't know if I've been successful, as it seems to me that English families are not very close, and there is very little respect for the family elders. My father was stunned to learn that old people are frequently put into special homes!

(To be continued)

In Derby, pretty dresses are a new luxury, and one of the few things Anna likes about the so-called civilized way of life.

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Dabboo tightens his belt

Vijaya Irani

Eve's Weekly, Jan. 20 — 26, 1979

The new Dabboo of the New Year talking: "Yes, there is certainly a reason for my reducing so drastically. I got so tired of being nagged by all my friends, that I decided I had to reduce..."

Where was the old Dabboo who was unmoved by any remarks about his bulk? "I am successful and liked and accepted by my audience and my fans as I am," he used to say. "My roles are suited to my person. Why in hell should I reduce? As long as my career is doing fine, why should I bother what a pack of people think about my weight? It doesn't bother me; why should it bother them?" And now seeing him, cut in frame by nearly half his normal size, I was shocked as much by his reduced bulk as by his new words.

"One evening, my wife and I were chatting with a couple of friends, you see. And as usual I was drinking with them. Then it began. One friend said I had to reduce and the others caught up the refrain, I had to reduce. I kept quiet. Then my wife said No, he won't ever change, he could never reduce...And the argument went on: No, It's impossible; he can; he won't. Something went click in my mind. I picked up a bottle, which was the last one I have touched till today, and flung it at the wall! Incidentally, those two pictures you see hung there, (he pointed at the wall above the bar) they had to be put up after I ruined the wall with the bottle.

"I don't like people thinking I am incapable of something. There and then I decided I would reduce and show them. And then there was this need, more professional than medical, which had been pressing on my mind which caused the initial decision.

"You see, I suddenly had this upsurge in my career, especially after the terrific success of 'Kasme Vaade'. The roles I was being offered were too good to pass up. I was getting a bit tired of those light-hearted roles only. 'Kasme Vaade' put some new ideas into people's heads — my different role was appreciated and suddenly I began getting offers of the type of roles I always wanted to do.

"But as a director myself, I began to visualize that I could be much better in those roles with my weight knocked off. Even now I say that if I did so well in 'Kasme Vaade' with all that bulk I would have done much better with less of it."

When was this momentous decision to reduce taken?

"It happened in September and since then I have knocked off nearly twenty kg." "Good show," I said—it was New Year's eve when we met at his place.

"Tonight, too, I won't be touching any drinks, even though it is New Year's Eve," Dabboo added.

"So that's your New Year resolution?" I asked.

"Rubbish! I have started it much before the New Year! I throw parties every evening at my place. I serve drinks here every evening. Who or what can stop me from drinking? I don't have to wait for New Year to come around to start on any kiddish resolution!

"One thing I know, the year 1979 is definitely going to show that Randhir Kapoor can reach the top. One can't hope to be the topmost. Only Amitabh Bachhan can say that, and he is the only one who doesn't... I must get to the top and show my mettle to myself. All this I do, not to show others but for myself.

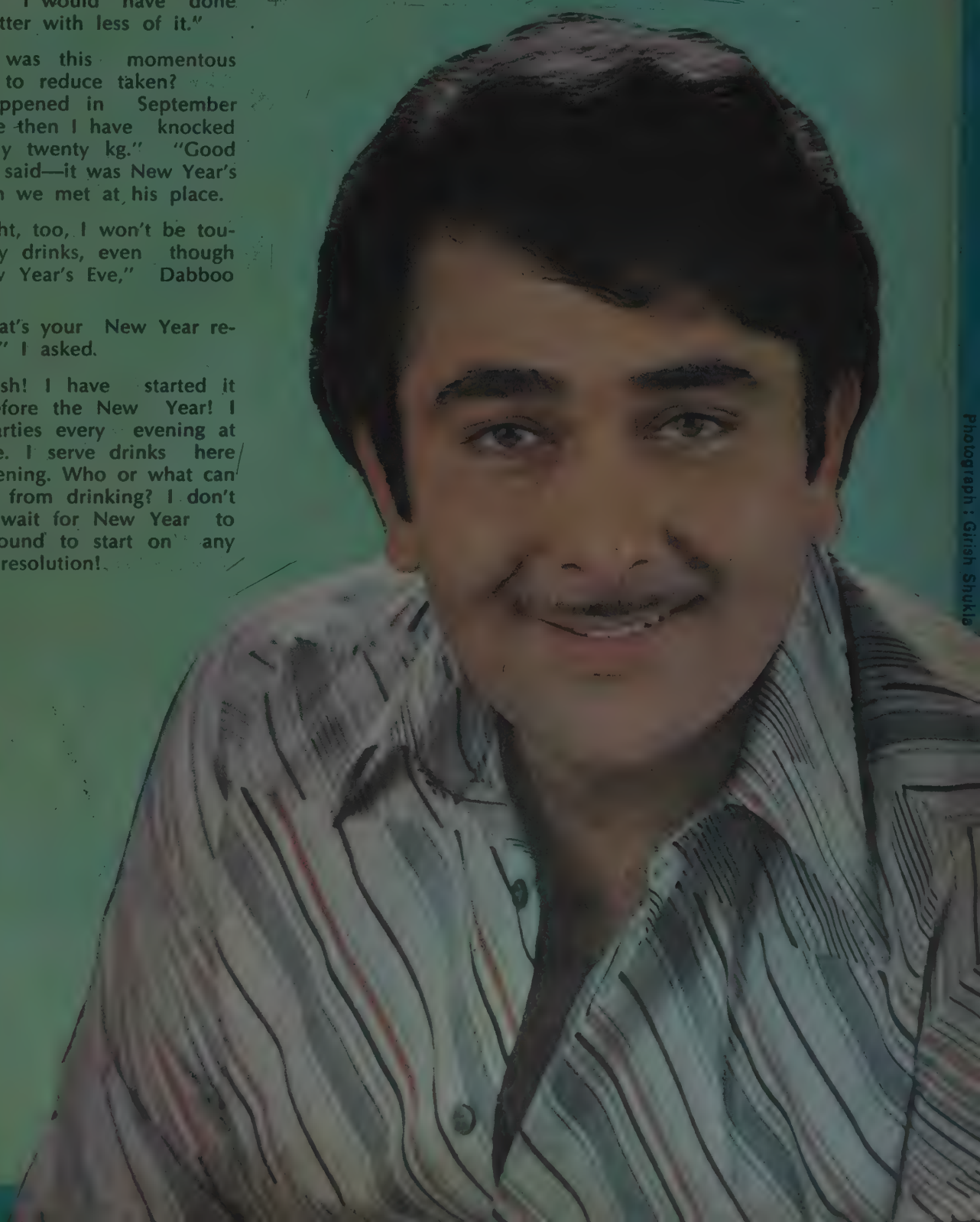
"And appreciation I expect from my fans and my audiences, not from any two-bit people whom I neither owe anything to nor feed on!"

"Are you giving up light-hearted roles entirely?" I asked.

"Are you crazy?" he shot back. "How can I give up those? Only, now I'll be better as far as my range goes. Right now, I am doing an entirely slapstick comedy called 'Inspector, Daaku aur Woh', a spoof on all the dacoit themes made so far. I play the Daaku, Sanjeev Kumar is the Inspector and Woh is Ranjeeta! I love working with Sanjeev Kumar, he's too good. And the film is one big laugh from start to end."

1979 is going to be a full year for Dabboo and a start to the new image he has found. Three films are being launched by R.K. Films, one of which Dabboo is all set to direct. And another one he might act in; it is being directed by Rahul Rawail.

But one thing he does know. He is going to stick his nose hard to the grind, with only one way to go now...and that is to the Top, since he cannot be the Topmost. "Amitabh is Numbers 1 to 10. So one can only hope to reach the top somewhere close to the number 10, yaar!" he says.



Photograph : Girish Shukla

Miss Rajapurkar's Day Off

Sushama Kasbekar

Miss Rajapurkar awoke slightly before the alarm rang. She glanced out of the window. It promised to be a fine day. Miss Rajapurkar smiled slightly as she swung her feet off the bed. Today was her day off. And she had promised herself a supreme treat — to buy the red saree she had seen ever so often in the show window and which she had coveted at first sight.

As she brushed her teeth vigorously in the tiny adjoining bathroom she could already hear the sounds so familiar to her for the past 20 years. She had lived in this room ever since she could remember. It was close to the main nursing home, though not attached. Bells were ringing, patients shouting out for this and that. And above everything the voice of the night nurse could be heard — strident, powerful, commanding. Mingled with the above din was the inevitable cry of newborn children.

But today she need not worry about all this. Today was her day off and she could relax completely. No harassed patients, no sponge baths to be supervised, no medicines to be handed out, no doctors to dance attendance to. Miss Rajapurkar was the life and soul of the maternity home. She had been there ever since anyone could remember. No one knew quite why she had never left, never got married. Miss Rajapurkar never spoke about a family, a home, parents or anything personal. So nobody ever asked.

Miss Rajapurkar was a small-built straight-backed woman. Her hair, speckled with white, was drawn in a bun at the back of her head and she walked sprightly, never once looking fatigued in her long day which began at 5 a.m. and ended at 11 p.m.

To think that Miss Rajapurkar had ever been young once was unimaginable. And to think that she had had romantic inclinations was even more absurd. But even now Miss Rajapurkar was thinking of herself in the red saree. How pretty she would look! She'd buy matching earrings to go with them and put flowers in her hair. Should she buy red chappals too? And then she would go for that matinee show featuring her favourite film star. And who would accompany her? Here the daydream took on a completely new turn. Her mind clouded, Miss Rajapurkar saw smiling beside her Ravi Divekar. He had his arm around her and was whispering something in her ear, while she laughed, laughed, laughed . . .

But like all daydreams this one had also to end. Suddenly Rami, the ayah, entered carrying a tray and jerked Miss Rajapurkar back to reality. Miss Rajapurkar sighed — why had she thought of Ravi Divekar after all these years? Ravi Divekar had probably got married and had a family and children as well. He belonged to that era of her life when she was young, inexperienced and very much in love. But all that had ended abruptly when an accident claimed both parents. An aged aunt had brought her to this nursing home and since then Miss Rajapurkar had become Sister Rajapurkar devoted entirely to medical science. Ravi Divekar had walked out of her life. She was left heartbroken. But she was compelled to tuck away all her emotions in the effort to survive. Hence, Miss Rajapurkar never spoke of a family or any kind of former life.

Miss Rajapurkar sighed again. What was the use of recalling the past? She had better hurry with her toilet, it was late enough. The earlier she left the better. She had a long way to go and the buses would get crowded if she delayed any longer.

It was past 11 a.m. before Miss Rajapurkar could finally leave. As usual, there were last-minute delays as she was consulted frequently with difficulties by the junior nurses or called by the doctors.

As she emerged from the gates of the nursing home, it was a very different Miss Rajapurkar. Gone were the plain white saree and the severe bun. Instead, Miss Rajapurkar wore a gaily flowered mauve saree. Her hair was arranged in soft waves around her face and there was a hint of colour at her lips. She sported a gay umbrella, since it was drizzling slightly. Mis Rajapurkar was off finally!

She hopped onto a bus as soon as she reached the bus stop. It rumbled off, Miss Rajapurkar perched precariously on its footboard. The wind tinged with rain drops whipped her hair. Suddenly she felt lighthearted, young once more and she gave one of her rare smiles. The gentleman standing near her felt rather encouraged and returned her smile. Miss Rajapurkar thought "What the d — !" But she couldn't care any the less and she smiled all the more for her recklessness. Wouldn't the folks at the maternity home be surprised if they saw her now, flirting with a stranger?

After the bus had driven through almost half the city, it came to a halt. Miss Rajapurkar jumped off. Her destination was only ten minutes away. She walked towards it with a sprightly step. Ah! here she was. The red saree was still draped around the curvaceous mannequin. How beautiful it looked! And wouldn't she look simply lovely wearing it!

Miss Rajapurkar pushed open the door of the shop and walked in. An obsequious salesman latched himself to her immediately. He led her to the counter and inquired, "What type of saree would you like, Madam?"

"That red one you've draped around the mannequin in the window," replied Miss Rajapurkar breathlessly.

"Oh! Madam will have to wait a little. That is the only piece left; all the rest have been sold. I'll get it right away." And the salesman bustled away.

Miss Rajapurkar looked around as she waited. Piles of sarees

were heaped vulgarly before overdressed ladies as they sat sipping cold drinks. Sarees were chosen, discarded, prices exclaimed over, decisions made and broken again. It was a regular melee.

Suddenly, Miss Rajapurkar's glance fell on a salesman some distance away. It couldn't be... But, yes it was. No, no! Yes, yes! Ravi here! And a salesman! Suddenly the years rolled away.

Miss Rajapurkar sat in the college canteen sipping a cold cup of tea while Ravi sat opposite her. It was almost the end of the term. Exams were approaching, but the two lovers were so involved with each other that nothing perturbed them. Only their imminent separation troubled them. For Ravi was to return to Jabalpur where his parents lived.

"I'll write to you immediately, don't worry," he said.

"And what do you plan to do?" she said.

"Oh, Papa is sure to fix up some job for me. I'll also try appearing at some competitive examination. Don't worry, dear, 'roti kapada aur makan' is no problem," replied Ravi breezily. "And then, we'll get married."

But Miss Rajapurkar was not so sure. And things happened

Miss Rajapurkar was the life and soul of the maternity home. She had been working there for many years. No one knew why she had not left, never got married

the way she suspected they would. Ravi went away, never to return. He wrote only once, in his usual optimistic way. She replied, but no more letters came. She wrote several more, but there was no reply.

And then Miss Rajapurkar entered the precints of the nursing home, shutting the door on the outside world. And here was Ravi. A salesman. Miss Rajapurkar didn't know whether to laugh or cry. And to think that she had thought of him today, that very morning. Miss Rajapurkar blushed thinking what her thoughts had been.

Just then Ravi Divekar caught sight of her. He stopped in midsentence. The ladies he was attending to were so absorbed in their discussion regarding the sarees that they did not notice his sudden silence. Very soon they got up, making no purchase.

Ravi walked slowly towards her. The face was the same handsome one, only age had scrawled tired lines across it. But the fire in his eyes was the same, thought Miss Rajapurkar.

"It can't be... yes, it is Shalini. Oh God! How many years have passed, Shalu. But how could I forget you?" 'Shalu'. How strange it was to be called that after all these years. Only two persons had ever called her that — her mother and Ravi.

Before Miss Rajapurkar could reply her salesman returned with the red saree. It was an awkward situation. Fortunately, a small bell tinkled somewhere from the belly of a faraway room beyond the shop.

'Oh, it's lunch time," said the other salesman. "Madam, I'm sorry, but could you come—"

"No, I want this saree only. Pack it up for me, please." Miss Rajapurkar spoke with sudden decision.

The salesman retreated hastily, a little surprised at her quick decision. "Would you care to have lunch with me?" Miss Rajapurkar hesitated. "Just for old times sake, Shalu. Don't refuse. Please."

She nodded. They walked out of the shop. The soft grey day outside welcomed them. Miss Rajapurkar was suddenly rather hungry. They entered a cafetaria. Ravi did the ordering. It was a crowded place, but they were lucky to find a quiet corner. She relaxed, forgetting the initial awkwardness.

Ravi smiled. "It's been ages, hasn't it? But tell me, where do you live? What does your husband do? How many children do you have?" The barrage of questions hit her forcefully.

"How can I answer all these questions at once?" she smiled back in return.

"I live at Sham Nursing Home, Cadell Road. As for a husband and children, I never married. I couldn't, not after you..." Her eyes misted and voice cracked.

"I'm sorry Shalu," Ravi's hand closed over hers as it lay limply on the table. "But why didn't you write? I thought you'd forgotten me. And then, all those promises I had made — I never landed a good job. Father died suddenly. There were my younger brothers and sisters to think of. I was the sole breadwinner. How could I think of marriage?"

"But I did write to you. It was you who didn't reply," she burst out.

"Looks like mama intercepted them, afraid that she might loose me. Anyway bygones are bygones, Shalu. But what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a nurse, Ravi. I work hard, but it is not a bad life. I have my freedom and can indulge in a couple of luxuries too. But what about your wife, your family?"

"Wife?" Ravi laughed bitterly. "There was one. But we never got along right from the start. It's been years since we even saw each other. No children, thank God. And here I am. A salesman in a store doling out the same jargon day in and day out."

Just then the waiter arrived with the food. They ate the food in silence. Miss Rajapurkar thought about the man in front of her. What had she seen in him? He was old, broken, tired. Gone was her youth — all for him? Perhaps they were destined to live those dreary lives. Probably, the story wouldn't have been very different had they lived together. Anyway, it was too late. Time had overtaken them.

They left the cafetaria together and walked slowly towards the bus stop. Was this to be the end? Would she never see him again?

"Shalu..." he hesitated.
"Yes?"

"Couldn't we meet again more often? In fact, why don't we go for a movie, enjoy ourselves for a change? I'll easily get some time off from the shop."
"All right."

Four hours later, Shalini and Ravi walked out of the theatre. Shalu was laughing as Ravi whispered something in her ear. It had begun to drizzle. Shalini opened her umbrella, the water drops making pools around them as they huddled close. Ravi put his arms around her. Suddenly the warmth from his body began flowing into hers. She felt something she hadn't felt in years: sensually wanted. They took shelter under the awning of a closed shop. There weren't many people around. Ravi pressed close to her, seeking her lips...

When she finally alighted from the bus and walked towards the nursing home, Miss Rajapurkar began to think. What had she let herself in for? Could she, a woman in her forties think of marriage? Love... she never would. But hadn't she a right to feel wanted, to demand companionship in the twilight of her life? Shalini Rajapurkar — Shalini Divekar, she murmured under her breath and suddenly giggled. Oh yes, that would be nice, she thought, clutching the red saree tightly. Miss Rajapurkar had definitely had a lovely day off!

FASHION OF THE MONTH

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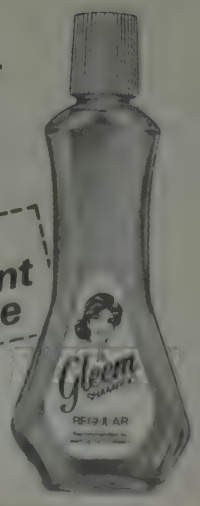

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BEAUTY

HANDS, YOU WIN

P. Pathak

Your hands are constantly on display. They should be well-maintained. Are yours?

Hands, next to the face, are the most expressive and should be well-maintained. "Polished to the finger tips" is a term commonly used to denote good grooming.

Hands need regular care. Even those that are stained roughened or bady cracked can regain their original condition with proper treatment. The causes for unsightly hands may be external or internal. The external causes are too much soaping, detergents, extremes of temperatures, too vigorous scrubbing, doing rough work and even excessive washing apart from pathological conditions. Chemical substances applied externaly, when too strong or frequent, cause the superficial layers of the skin to be destroyed — like some anti-septic lotions may ruin the hands. Climate, age, general health and personal cleanliness influence the health of the skin.

It is easier to care for well preserved hands than to beautify hands that are already ruined. Here are a few tips for hand rashes. Avoid too much wetting and soaping of hands. When you must wash dishes or clothes, use gloves — plastic or rubber ones. You may find it easier to work with bare hands, but use gloves and you will get used to them. When doing dry jobs like dusting use a pair of cotton gloves. Rubber and plastic gloves should be used for short periods to prevent excessive sweating and itching.

If your hands get soiled while doing household chores, do not wash them with soap and water. First use some hand lotion to clean them and wipe off with a tissue. Then use only a minimum of soap just on the parts that are soiled and rinse your hands well.

If your hands are cracked and inflamed do not let them come into contact with soaps, bleaches, alkalies, polishes or any chemicals. Even after healing you should be careful, otherwise the skin my get inflamed again.

If your hands are in a good condition, see that they remain so — apply a little hand lotion on them regularly after you work in water. Keep the lotion handy in the kitchen and bathroom and also in the bedroom to apply before retiring. After you have finished all your chores, apply some during the day.

If the water is hard in your locality, your hands may be adversely affected by the salts in it. In that case you can soften the water by adding a little borax to it.

Application of a mixture of equal parts of zinc ointment and castor oil will improve cracked and chapped hands. Mix small quantities at a time as this tends to dry up. In between this treatment rub in vaseline, olive oil, cold cream or even vanaspati, then wear thin cotton gloves. Be regular in your hand care and they will not get roughened or cracked easily.

Glycerine is good for the skin. Mix glycerine with fresh coconut milk and apply over hands that are rough. It may also be used with almond oil and lemon juice. Take two teaspoons of glycerine, one teaspoon of almond oil and one teaspoon of lemon juice, mix well and massage over the hands.

Another glycerine-based aid that you can prepare at home is as follows: squeeze half a lemon in half a glass of boiled milk and add half a teaspoon of glycerine to it. Leave it for half an hour. Then apply over hands. It softens rough skin and whitens them and heals surface cracks. Glycerine mixed with rose water can also be applied for keeping hands soft and beautiful and to prevent chapping. Glycerine should not be used on skin that has already broken out. For removing stains, mix milk with lemon juice and apply on the hands after the day's work is done.

Hand exercises and massage are very beneficial to keep them beautiful and supple. Here are some : clench your fist and relax a few times. Pretend to play the piano on the table with both hands a few times a day. Move the hands around in circles both clockwise and anticlockwise as many times as you can, and shake them vigorously at the wrists.

Massage the hands and fingers with a lubricant. Rub each finger from the tip to the base and the palms as well. Rub and wring them as if you are washing clothes.

Nails should be cared for as much as your hands. If your nails are brittle it may be due to some nutritional deficiency. Improve your diet, particularly its protein content. Gelatine is always advised by beauticians as being good for nails, but actually it is not so, as it does not contain the amino-acid required for strengthening nails. Fats are also essential for strengthening nails — their lack results in dry and brittle nails.

Split nails may be due to lack of vitamin C. Include plenty of fresh fruits like oranges and lemons in your diet or take a course of vitamin C tablets. White spots on nails are caused by incomplete keratinization, faulty nutrition or injury or some diseases.

Anaemia causes the nails not only to look pale but also changes the contour from convex to concave. In some cases longitudinal fissures may develop — the nail softens, breaks easily and splits at the free edge which extends down to the base. It may occur because of malnutrition, inadequate blood supply and certain chronic diseases.

Pigmentation of the nail may be caused by excessive smoking and taking of certain drugs among other things. A blue colour is due to cyanosis, while a pink colour is produced by carbon monoxide poisoning.

Atrophy of the nails may occur in injuries, parasitic infections, inflammatory skin diseases, nervous disorders and hereditary factor. Nail abnormalities may be caused by infection, injury, misuse of nails like opening a lid, associated diseases and inadequate blood supply.

An occasional visit to the manicurist is helpful, but if you can manicure yourself so much the better. When your nails are not in a healthy condition refrain from the use of nail polishes and varnishes for some time. In fact even healthy nails need some rest from polishes so that they may breathe freely.

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TASTY-TRIO...
chops-cutlets-croquettes

Premila Lal

There'll be good appetites all around when you serve these palate-pleasing chops, cutlets and croquettes. A quick and easy meal it is well suited for all ages and economical too. These tasty tempters will also serve as a substantial evening snack which the family will enjoy while watching their favourite programme on television

STUFFED PORK CHOPS

6 rib pork chops (1-inch thick)
1 cup apple, grated
½ cup cheese, grated
½ cup breadcrumbs
1 tbsp. spring onions, chopped
1 tbsp. spring onions, chopped
1 tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
6 cloves
½ cup orange juice

With a fine sharp knife, cut off the bone from the meat, and trim off the excess fat. Cut a large gash on the side of each chop to make a pocket for the stuffing.

Mix together the grated apple, cheese, onions, coriander leaves, chilli powder and salt. Insert a clove in the fat of each chop. Fill the gap with the stuffing and skewer them. Put the chops in a large hot pan and sear them on both sides to retain the juices of the meat. Pour over the orange juice and cook covered for about 1½ hours or till tender. Baste the chops occasionally with the juice.

DAHI CHOP MASALA

1 kg chops
240 grams curds
2 onions
2 tomatoes

4-5 green chillis
1 tsp. coriander powder
1 tsp. cummin seeds, ground
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
8 peppercorns
2 sticks cinnamon
4 cloves
1 tbsp. ghee

Chop onions and tomatoes and slice the chillis finely. Wipe the chops with a damp cloth and trim extra fat if necessary. Put onions, tomatoes, chops, salt and chillis into a heavy saucepan. Sprinkle with the spices and pour in the curd. Top with a spoonful of ghee. Seal the pan well with prepared dough and place to cook on a medium fire for an hour. Open the saucepan and fry for a few minutes till the ghee floats to the top.

RICE AND HAM CROQUETTES

2 cups rice, boiled
1 cup finely-chopped or minced ham
½ cup cream sauce
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
2 green chillis, finely chopped
Fresh ground pepper
Salt
Breadcrumbs
Ghee for frying

Mix together the rice, ham and and cream sauce. (Prepare the sauce with either milk or stock, flour (maida) and butter in advance). Season with the chillis, coriander leaves, pepper and salt. Cool the mixture and shape into croquettes. Roll in breadcrumbs till evenly coated and keep on a rack to dry for an hour. Heat the ghee or oil and fry till brown. Drain on absorbent paper before serving.

POTATO CUTLETS

300 grams potatoes
4 green chillis
4 cloves garlic
2 eggs
1 dtsp. vinegar
1 dstsp. gram flour
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
2 onions
Salt to taste
¼ coconut
½ tsp. cummin seeds
Breadcrumbs
Ghee for frying

Clean and wash potatoes and cut into quarters. Add salt and leave aside for a while. Grind the coconut coarsely. Grind green chillis, garlic, gram flour, turmeric, onions and cummin seeds to a paste, using the vinegar to bring the masala to a fairly thick consistency. Wash off the salt, peel and grate the potatoes and mix with the masala paste. Beat the eggs and stir into the mixture. Shape the mixture into cutlets. Roll in breadcrumbs and fry on both sides in hot ghee till golden brown.

MIXED VEGETABLE CROQUETTES

2 onions
1 carrot
4 potatoes
1 tomato
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
2 tbsps. peas, shelled
2 green chillis
1 tsp. curry powder
2 tbsps. gram flour
Salt to taste
Ghee for frying

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Slice 1 onion thinly and fry it to a light brown. Chop carrot, 1 onion, and tomato finely, and saute with the fried onion for 5 minutes. Add coriander leaves and chopped green chillis. Add them together with the peas and curry powder. Season with salt. Pour in 1 cup boiling water and cook over low heat till all the vegetables are tender and the water evaporates. Add mashed potato and blend well with a fork. Form into croquettes and roll each ball in gram flour. Deep fry in hot ghee till well browned, Serve with tomato sauce.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

1 — HINDI

With repeated requests from readers we now give you every fortnightly equivalent terms in different languages to clip and keep for your record.

VEGETABLES (contd)

Corn	Makai
Gherkins	Tindli
Green chillis	Hara mirch
Green onions	Hara pyaz
Horse radish	Muli
Lotus stems	Kamal Kakdi
Lettuce	Salad leaves
Sweet potatoes	Ratalu
Mustard leaves	Sarson sag
Sour greens	Khatta palak
Bottle gourd	Lauki, doodhi
Runner beans	Chowli
Field beans	Papdi
Bamboo shoots	Karail
Jackfruit	Katahal
Cassia leaves	Tej patta

HERBS AND GREEN SPICES :

Parsley	Parsley
Coriander	Dhania
Celery	Ajwain ka patta
Garlic	Lehsun
Ginger	Adrakh
Mint	Pudina
Curry leaves	Cuddi patta

SPICES, CONDUMENTS AND NUTS

Aniseeds	Saunf
Asafoetida	Hing
Dry ginger	Sonth
Mustard seeds	Rai
Nutmeg	Jaiphal
Poppy seeds	Khush Khush

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50 cash prize,

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh Container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn flour, 3) A 1000 ml pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LIMITED and 4) A book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Shashi Mehra, Haryana.

EGG CURRY

4 hard boiled eggs
2 onions
2 medium sized tomatoes
10 grams garlic
10 grams ginger
100 grams cheese
A few coriander leaves
4 tbsps. ghee
3 tsps. green cardamom powder
2 tsps. red chilli powder
Salt to taste

Grate the cheese and onions separately and keep them aside. Grind ginger, garlic and coriander leaves to a very fine paste. Heat the ghee and fry the onions till light brown. Add the ground paste. Now stir till it is golden brown.

Add the chopped tomatoes in it. Add little cardamom powder, salt and red chilli powder. Form into a thick gravy. Add the hard boiled eggs in it. Keep it on slow fire for 2-3 minutes. Take it off from the fire. Serve it with finely grated cheese.

Sudesh Malhotra, Goa.

BESAN KI SABZI

250 grams flour
2 tbsps. ghee
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsps. caraway seeds
1½ tsps. coriander seeds
¼ tsp. red chilli
5 to 6 tbsps. water
Ghee for frying

FOR THE GRAVY:

100 grams ghee
½ tsp. red chilli
½ tsp. garam masala
8 cloves garlic (paste)
100 grams onion (paste)
1 tsp. turmeric powder
2 medium size tomatoes
Salt to taste

Sieve the flour. Add salt, cummin seeds, caraway seeds, coriander seeds, and red chilli powder. Mix them well. Rub the ghee into it. Add water and mix it to a smooth dough. Roll and boil in water for five minutes. Take it out and cut into ½" round pieces. Deep fry these pieces over medium heat till light brown.

FOR THE GRAVY: Heat the ghee and brown the onion and garlic paste. Remove and add pepper and stir well. Add salt, garam masala, turmeric powder, and sliced tomatoes. Cook until the ghee separates from the masala. Add two cups of water and allow the gravy to boil. Add fried pieces and allow it to thicken. Remove from the fire. Serve hot.

WEEKLY WINNER

MRS. ASHA IDNANI, Bombay.

Mrs. Idnani wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh Container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. packed tin of coconut oil from KMP Oil Industries and a book by Aroona Reejsinghani.

SOYA ROGAN JOSH

250 grams soyabean chunks
250 grams onions, chopped
250 grams tomatoes (made into puree)
A bunch of coriander leaves
1 sour lime
25 grams poppy seeds
25 grams coriander seeds
25 grams cummin seeds
½ fresh coconut
50 grams peanuts and grams (channa) mixed
4 full walnuts
50 grams cashewnuts
8-10 flakes garlic
1" piece ginger
A few green chillis
20 grams garam masala
200 grams cooking oil
Salt to taste
A few curry leaves

Soak the soyabean chunks in warm salted water for about half an hour.

Grind to a fine paste the coconut, peanuts and grams. Extract the milk and keep it aside. Grind separately the cashewnuts and walnuts. Grind the remaining dry ingredients.

Heat oil in a dekchi. When hot add to it the curry leaves. When they crack add crushed ginger and garlic. When slightly brown add the onions. Fry till golden brown. Add the dry masala paste and fry well, adding a few drops of water, till the ghee separates. Add the squeezed soya chunks, green chillis, half the chopped coriander leaves and salt. Fry till the chunks are evenly brown and resemble meat pieces. When well fried add the milk, cashewnuts and walnut paste and tomato puree, if necessary. Add water. Let it cook on slow fire till tender and the gravy is thick. Sprinkle garam masala, lime juice and the remaining chopped coriander leaves.

Serve hot with parathas or chappatis.

Mrs. Margaret Narayan, Lucknow.

FLOWERY KABABS

1 banana flower head
100 grams Bengal gram dal
1" piece cinnamon
1" piece ginger
6-8 cloves
2 pepper corns
2 bay leaves
2 pieces black cardamoms
1 small pod garlic
3 medium sized onions
Salt to taste
2-3 green chillis
Coriander leaves

Peel the outer red leaves of the banana flower till the soft white fleshy part is reached. Cut this into rings. Wash the dal, and pressure cook the dal with the above ingredients except chillis and coriander leaves for five minutes. Cook till all the water evaporates. Grind this mixture. Add green chillis and coriander leaves. Form into small tikkis and fry in hot ghee.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

FOR BREAKFAST I HAD ORANGE JUICE, TOAST AND COFFEE -
THAT'S 140 CALORIES.
NOW WHAT ABOUT LUNCH?
I HAD TUNA SALAD...
A ROLL AND ICED TEA -
THAT'S 410 CALORIES -
BAK
FOR DINNER TONIGHT I'M HAVING BAKED CHICKEN, ASPARAGUS AND WALDORF SALAD -
BAKERY
320... 90...
IT COMES TO 1120 CALORIES -
IS THAT ALL? WONDERFUL!
GIVE ME 80 CALORIES OF CHOCOLATE CAKE, PLEASE!
10-8
BAIKER
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

In Hollywood they figure a marriage has a chance of succeeding if the couple leaves the church together.

* * *

A man went to a shop to order some flowers for his wife.

"So you want to say it with flowers," said the florist. "How about three dozen roses?"

"Make it half a dozen — I'm a man of few words."

* * *

An American and a French bride were discussing love. "A Frenchman is very subtle when it comes to love," the French girl explained. "He begins by kissing the fingertips, then he kisses the shoulder, then the back of her neck. . ."

"Oh boy!" the little American bride interrupted. "By that time an American husband is back from his honeymoon."

* * *

He went to the movies with his wife. In one scene there was Lady Godiva on a white horse. His wife wouldn't let him look and he complained, "But I've never seen a white horse before."

* * *

The judge was trying to select a jury for a murder trial. A prospective juryman was being questioned. "Do you believe in capital punishment?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said, "if it's not too severe."

* * *

The preacher said, "Brothers, my sermon this morning will be about liars. Now, has everyone read the thirty-fifth chapter of Matthew?"

Half the hands in the congregation went up.

"You're just the people I want to talk to," said the preacher. "There is no such hapter."

* * *

A doctor got a frantic call rom a housewife. "Doctor, come quickly. It's my husband. When he got up this morning, he took his vitamin pill, his tranquillizer, his antihistamine pill, his appetite depressant pill and he added just a little dash of benzedrine. Then he lit a cigarette and there was this tremendous explosion."

* * *

"Doc, I'm worried. Last night I dreamed I was alone with 100 beautiful blondes, 100 beautiful brunettes and 100 beautiful redheads. It was horrible."

"Good heavens, man! What's so horrible about that?"

"I dreamed I was a girl too."

* * *

They named the baby "Encore" because it wasn't on the programme.

* * *

An elderly woman was walking past a drug store when, without warning, a young man dashed out, took a flying leap in the air with his legs apart and fell in a heap in the gutter. The lady hurried over to him.

"Dear, dear," she said sympathetically, "are you hurt?"

"No," was the sharp reply. "But I'd like to meet the sun-of-a-gun who moved my bicycle."

Compiled by George Fegradoc

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

STELLA SOUNDARARAJ

GUIDING TAMIL NADU COLLEGES

Mrs. Stella Soundararaj, Director of Collegiate Education, Tamil Nadu, has many firsts to her credit. She was the first woman Deputy Director, the first women Joint Director and the first woman Director of the department of collegiate education.

She had her schooling in a convent in Palayamkottah, south Tamil Nadu, run by Belgian nuns. She got a Government of India scholarship to do higher studies and went to London where she got her Master's Degree in 1949. Thereafter, starting her career as professor of Home Science in Queen Mary's College, Madras, one of the premier colleges for women in Tamil Nadu where she taught for 13 years, she has served the field of education in various capacities such as Principal of Women's Training College, and later in educational administration.

In 1967 she was awarded the 'Teacher's Development' grant to visit the U.S.A., where she attended courses in "Teacher education and secondary administration" at Tucson University. She visited several schools and colleges in the U.K. when she was invited there by the British Council. It helped her to have a first-hand knowledge of school administration there.

When asked whether she faced any special problems being a woman and holding the top post in educational administration, she said, "Luckily for me, I don't have to face peculiar problems as a result of the excellent co-operation extended by one and all!" After taking over as Director, she organized an orientation course for the principals of 188 arts and science colleges. She has taken a special interest in the faculty improvement programme and conducted refresher courses.

She beams with pride when she recalls that the U.G.C. grant has been utilized fully and properly. After the implementation of U.G.C. scales for college staff, she has seen to it that all the arrears are cleared promptly. She has also to ensure that no one is retrenched on account of shedding the P.U.C. from colleges after the introduction of the 10+2+3 system in the state. She is confident that the surplus staff will be absorbed in the educational administration.

Mrs. Soundararaj remarks that women, on getting promotions, are unwilling to be transferred and hence stand to lose the chance of further promotions. As for co-education, she says it is possible in urban centres, but in rural areas it may prove an obstacle in getting more girls enrolled in educational institutions, as rural people are conservative.

She said there was a provision for admitting women in men's colleges up to 25 per cent of the total strength. The government does not allow men in women's colleges as far as the government colleges are concerned.

She asserts that the switchover to the new pattern of education was very smooth. She hopes that the examination reforms introduced, such as the semester system, will better the quality of education as a whole.

Mrs. Soundararaj's husband is with the Madras Y.M.C.A. She has three grown-up sons, the youngest a doctor.

Any hobby, special interest? "I have no time for all these things with all my tours, meetings, seminars, but when I find time I read a lot, especially books on educational administration, apart from magazines. I am a voracious reader."

She is widely travelled. She won the second prize in an international essay competition held under the auspices of the UNESCO in 1970. A tour of six countries was the prize. In 1971, she was awarded a UNESCO fellowship to attend a teaching seminar in the Philippines for three months.

Mrs. Soundararaj has written two books — "Text-book of Household Arts" and "World Community Heroes", published by Orient Longmans.

Malavika

THE RETURN OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SEA TURTLE

According to a report received by the World Wildlife Fund-India, several nest sites and a few dried out eggs of the Giant Leatherback Sea Turtle have been discovered on the beach of a small island in the South Andaman Group in the Bay of Bengal. The rookery of this rarest of sea turtles was discovered by the Madras Snake Park Trust Field Officer.

The last confirmed nesting of the Giant Leatherback Sea Turtles was on the Kerala Coast near Quilon around 1928! Its eggs were collected for human consumption, and the adults killed for the oil, till it reached a stage when no more nesting occured on the mainland. Now the sea turtles are strictly protected under the Indian Wildlife Act.

The Giant Leatherback Sea Turtle which grows to 2.5 metres in length and weighs over 1,000 kg., apparently come ashore in the early months of the south-west monsoon to lay its eggs. This huge reptile is cumbersome on land, and the female struggles up the beach using its four swimming-adapted flippers, She digs a hole with her hind flippers and lays about 120 special soft white eggs.

WOMEN IN SPORT

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

RUNNING FOR GOLD IN BANGKOK

Shirish Nadkarni

Not since the days of Kamaljit Sandhu has Indian athletics seen a woman middle-distance runner of the quality of **Geeta Zutshi.** The tall, pigtailed girl did India proud at the Eighth Asian Games at Bangkok recently, when bagging the gold medal in the 800 metres run, and a silver in the 1500 metres. With a little bit of luck, she could well have left the field with two golds.

Eight years ago, at the same venue, during the Sixth Asiad, Kamaljit had set the 80,000-capacity main stadium afire when she had run an electrifying race in the 400 metres to bag India's first women's athletic gold after a long, long time. This year, Kamaljit, who has since retired from athletics, accompanied the team to Bangkok as a coach. It must have given her tremendous satisfaction to see the Indian girls redeem themselves in the track and field events after the heavy maligning they have been receiving at home at the hands of critics.

Geeta had shown her promise during the 1977 Nationals with her smooth stride so indispensable to the distance runner, and her ability to run round after tireless round with an unflagging rhythm. Since then, 1974 Asian Games gold medallist and record-breaker Sriram Singh gave her special attention. Sriram himself was going through a heart-breaking period in his athletics career, which was threatened seriously because of a bronchial ailment. The 800-metres specialist watched his protege develop with a hawk eye; and even though he himself was off the field for nearly a year after coming a superb seventh at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, he imparted all his expertise and rich experience to Geeta. How wonderful it must have been for Geeta herself to see her coach and mentor, who just managed to return to competitive athletics weeks before the Indian squad for Bangkok was chosen, win the 800 metres gold and retain his title of Asia's undisputed middle-distance king!

Perhaps it was Sriram's heart-stirring win that gave Geeta the impetus she required to win the 800 metres. For, three days earlier, she just could not bridge a 40-metre gap in the 1500 metres between her and the Korean Ok Sun Kim, who was to take the gold. Geeta was a little unfortunate in this event in that she had no opportunity to gauge the opposition in the heats, as she had in the 800 metres. Due to fewer entries, the heats for the longer race were not held, and the girls faced the starter's gun without quite knowing one another's strengths and weaknesses.

Geeta mentioned in an AIR interview after the race that she was consistently blocked in the third lap, especially by the other Korean girl, in the race. On one occasion, she had to pull up her strides to avoid injury from the girl's spikes. It is more than likely that the Koreans had planned the race in advance, with one girl hitting the front and the other serving the purpose of holding up the main opposition. Still, the tremendous finishing punch of the gold-winning Korean could not be denied, and Geeta had to rest content with the silver.

The story was quite different in the 800 metres. Geeta ran her heats without unduly exerting herself, but still managed to come in first with the best timing for either heat. In the final, she kept herself in the bunch that was at the forefront. Yet, with a little over half a lap to go in the two-round race, when Geeta made her bid, she found herself blocked by two North Korean girls, as in the previous race. This time, she wisely chose not to force the issue from the innermost lane. Switching to the second lane, she sprinted to the front in the straight, but there was no mistaking the unhappiness on her

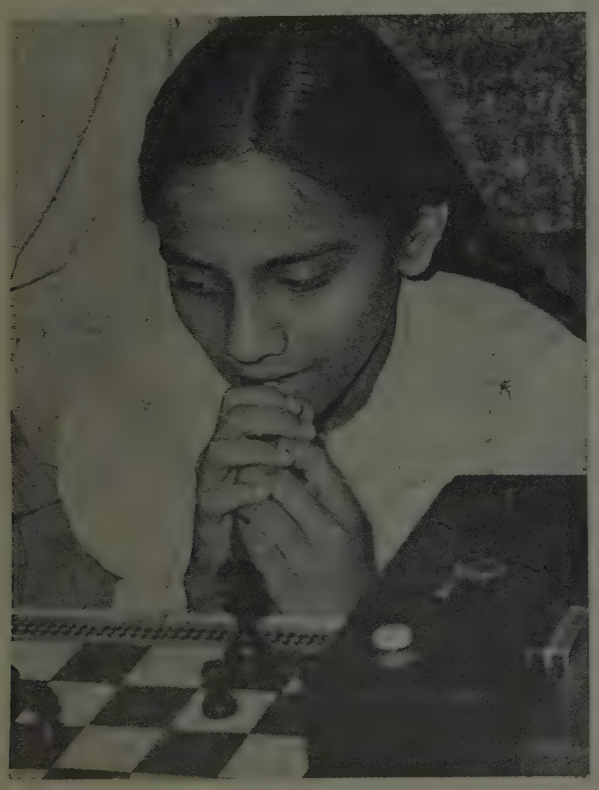
ABOVE: Anasuya Bai could not participate in her favourite discus throw event at Bangkok. She failed a sex test.

LEFT : Angel Mary Joseph

face. She stayed in front to stave off the Korean challenge, and took the gold with a timing of 2 min. 7.7 secs., which could have been better by at least a second had she not been blocked and jostled. Sriram was the first to congratulate her, after the boisterous athletics team coach Sardar Joginder Singh Saini had swung the embarrassed girl over his shoulders!

Another superb performance came from **Angel Mary Joseph** in that gruelling five-event championship, the pentathlon. The lanky Kerala girl has been in the Indian team for some years now, but has never realized her full potential. She seemed nervous and ill at ease as she ended up in the fourth position on the first day after three events had been completed. Revelling in the sprint, she finished second in the 100 metres, but slipped up badly in the shot put lap, she went to the forefront in the straight, and kept increasing the distance between her and her rivals. She finally won by a clear ten metres to bag 819 points for the event, and finish overall second to Su-yeh, with 3837 points to the Chinese girl's 4133 points. Her Kerala team-mate Suresh Babu (who is also an ace long jumper and pentathlon man, and had won the long jump gold an hour earlier) planted an exuberant kiss on her forehead.

Angel Mary's performance in the pentathlon long jump had been encouraging enough for her to pin her hopes on a medal in the open long jump event. With her very first jump, she cleared 6.05 metres. She was the model of consistency after that; and in her six attempts logged 6.05, 6.03, 5.80, 5.91, foul and 6.00 metres. While this was not anywhere near the gold-winning leap of 6.28 m. by the strong



Rohini Khadilkar

Chris Evert

(never her favourite event) and high jump.

The next day, however, showed the grit in the Kerala athlete's slim frame. She put all her effort into her second jump in the long jump event, and logged 5.89 metres. This was just 0.02 m. short of the effort of the first-placed athlete, Pei Su-yeh of China, who was ultimately to shatter the existing Asian record. And then, in the final event, the 800 metres, Angel Mary showed her steel. Lying third in the first lap and second just past the half-way mark in the second Chinese Tsou Wa, it was good enough to fetch her her second silver medal of the Games. She was joint second with the Japanese Sumi Awara, but was awarded the silver in view of her greater consistency, the Japanese girl having fouled three of her six jumps by over-stepping the line.

The performance of these two girls gives fresh heart to Indian women's athletics which had suffered a rude jolt when the powerfully-built **Anasuya Bai** did not take her place for her pet discus throw event. Anasuya, who had made the trip to Tehran for the Seventh Asiad in 1974, was reported to have failed a sex test, though the Indian camp officials gave out that she was suffering from diarrhoea.

* * *

In the face of the tremendous performance of Geeta Zutshi and Angel Mary Joseph at Bangkok, everything else on the Indian women's sports scene paled into insignificance. The only point worthy of record is the performance of 14-year-old **Rohini Khadilkar,** who had taken the chess world by storm a few months ago with a great performance in the Nationals. The reigning national women's champion is the youngest of the three Khadilkar 'chess sisters', who have all been national champions at one stage or another during their careers, and in the last five years. The matches between Jayshree, Vasanti and Rohini invariably provide the chess fan with interesting fare.

In the sub-junior National tournament, Rohini took part in the open event; and though she lost the title to Paul Arokiaraj, she was the toast of Amravati for her attacking displays at the board. Apart from the cash prize for finishing in the top five, Rohini was given a special award of Rs. 101 for being the only girl participant. It looks like open chess has come to stay. In fact, it looks as if women are competing more and more in events hitherto totally male dominated. One recalls the legal battle waged by Nalini Bolinjkar a few months ago against the Maharashtra Carrom Association to be allowed to participate in the male event. And she won it — the legal battle, that is! Perhaps, in a few years, we might see a female open state champ!

* * *

International Sportswoman of the Month: Undoubtedly, **Chris Evert** of the U.S.A. Apart from announcing her engagement to fellow-tennis player John Lloyd of England, Chris became the first woman since Alice Marble to hold the No. 1 tennis ranking of the U. S. Tennis Association for five consecutive years. Marble reigned as the nation's top woman tennis player between 1936 and 1940.

After an abortive romance with Jimmy Connors in 1974, when both of them won the world's most coveted tennis title at Wimbledon, Chris lived up to her image as 'Little Miss Icicle', both on and off the field. Her recent tennis performances on court have shown Chris to display some emotion. And now comes news of her engagement. Perhaps the icicle is thawing out!

from dreams to dope to harem

James Lewthwaite

THE FIRST STEP ON THE WAY TO THE HAREM

The advert. was full of Eastern promise. Sandwiched in the Situations Vacant columns, it said: "Dolly barmaids wanted for Beirut".

If wide-eyed and innocent enough, for girls seeking a bit of adventure, it meant a dream job in the sunny Middle East.

But all too often the girls found themselves trapped in a web of sin, sex and sleazy clubs. Their "exotic" jobs quickly became nightmares as they realized their duties were not expected to finish when the bar closed.

Throughout the Middle East there are English girls living in bondage and literal slavery. It is impossible to calculate just how many.

But in Beirut — the former fun capital of the Middle East — nearly 100 British girls were registered with the Embassy to make sure they didn't just disappear.

In Britain, girls vanished at an alarming rate — the victims of broken homes and uninterested parents. How many finished up chasing the glamour of the Middle East is anyone's guess.

They thought they were going to some Playboy-style club, with all the trappings of luxury. Instead they finished up working until 4 a.m. in Beirut's infamous Phoenecia Street.

Before they left Britain the girls were vetted by an agent. He encouraged them to believe in the mystery and excitement which was theirs if they would only take the chance. The agent then issued a six-month contract with a ticket to Beirut. A one-way ticket. He promised them that at the end of the contract the bar management would pay for the trip home.

Usually he forgot to mention that the cost of that ticket would be deducted from their salaries.

The pay was normally between £35 and £40 a week, with sly promises that tips would bring in at least another £10 a week.

And the girls did make good money. The bars charged £3 and more for drinks, and the girls got 10 per cent from the drinks they pushed. This went up to 20 per cent if they could persuade their "client" to stay on after 4 a.m., when the bars charged what they liked.

The British Consul in Beirut thinks that these girls face grave danger. "The enslavement of British bar girls," he says, "is one of the worst worries of my job."

Many girls who wanted to go home could not because they had signed a contract, which was legal and binding. Even if they tried a moonlight flit they still could not get out of the country. Their passports — normally held by the bar-owners — contained a work permit. And to leave, they needed an exit visa, which was not granted if the time they had signed up for was not complete.

The bad bar-owners encouraged the girls to drink and take drugs. They lent the girls money freely and encouraged them to spend. That way the girls were never free of debt.

Beirut, however, was only the halfway house. For some girls it was the beginning of their disappearance into bodily slavery.

From the waterfront bars of Beirut they disappeared into harems, their contracts bought out. They were never heard of again.

Experts estimate that between 20 and 30 per cent of girls who went out there chasing the good life disappeared in this manner.

The 200-odd English barmaids in Beirut accounted for more than half the number of European girls in the capital. They were scattered throughout the 700 clubs in Beirut, 400 of which were clustered around Phoenecia Street, which was also full of massage parlours and prostitutes.

While working, the girls were often subjected to menaces and violence, usually from customers who realized they had been fleeced. There were bouncers around, of course, but bar-owners, like hotel managers, preferred the philosophy that the customer is always right. Usually, they took the customer's side and fined the girl for upsetting him.

Many girls had been in Beirut for ten years and were still planning to get out "next month".

TWO WHO FELL FOR AN EASTERN PROMISE— 'WE WERE ON SHOW IN A SLEAZY CLUB'

Lea Bowman and her friend Sheila Wilton, both aged 22, found their work in a London bank rather dull. So they answered a "no catches" advertisement for £40-a-week hotel barmaids in Portugal.

The result: They avoided becoming "white slaves" by making a dawn dash from a seedy flat — in Beirut.

Lea recalled: "A woman called Sue answered our applications. She asked us to meet her in a coffee bar. There were about 25 girls there when we arrived.

"Sue told us we wouldn't be going to Portugal after all and offered us extra money to sign on for Beirut. Friends and parents had warned us, but we didn't listen. God, how I wish now that we had."

Lea and Sheila signed a five-month contract.

"But from the moment we arrived in Beirut I knew we'd done the wrong thing," Lea said.

Before the Lebanese civil war, Beirut was the fun capital of the Middle East. Money and tourists in search of 'kicks' poured in, and night-clubs, bars and prostitution flourished. Thus there grew a market for girls to serve in these clubs and bars. Many girls in Britain were lured by innocent ads and high salaries offered, only to find that they had sold themselves into virtual slavery with almost no chance of escape

"Sheila was wearing black tights and this excited all the men around the airport. They stood about drooling and kept trying to push themselves up against her. It was horrid.

"Finally, a man of about 50, who said his name was George, arrived in a huge flashy silver car. He took us to an apartment building which was guarded by some young Greek men.

"There were about 100 English girls living in the block. They were employed in bars and nightclubs. Most of them had been there for some time and looked ghastly.

"There were also Greek, Turkish, Arabian and Lebanese men living with some of the girls.

"Later, George arrived and took us down to the clubs. They were full of oldish men clustered around tables. We were dragged around on an inspection parade so they could look at the merchandise.

"When we refused to sit with them and be 'nice' George was furious and threatened all sorts of terrible punishment.

"There were girls dancing nude. They were all white, their eyes glazed and lifeless.

"I told George we wanted to break the contract. He said no one ever did and we would never get out of the country if we tried. The contract stated that if we quit we had to repay the club almost double what they paid us to get there.

"We were both weak with fright. Some food the men had forced on us made us both sick and George brought up a doctor from the club. He charged us £15 for a bottle of green medicine which had opium in it.

"The next day George said that if we were 'good' to customers we would be living with someone who could give us everything we needed if we would do things for him.

"He told us of girls who were living well in Egypt, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia and Turkey because they had 'co-operated' with rich customers."

Later, the girls contacted the British Embassy and pleaded for help.

"They told us that because we had signed a contract they could do nothing for us," said Lea.

"We met an Irish girl who had been there for some time. She seemed to have a lot of money and took pity on us. Early one morning she crept downstairs with us and while we hid she chatted up the guard at the front door. She must have given him at least £100 before he let us go.

"Sheila and I grabbed our suitcases and bolted to the British Embassy, which was helpful this time and arranged to fly us out of the country."

CRUEL CONTRACTS THAT HOLD GIRLS TO RANSOM

The dreams of delights awaiting them in the land of a thousand and one nights were shattered almost as soon as the girls got off the plane.

Often the contract the girl signed in Britain was taken away from her, and she was asked to put her signature on another piece of paper. The new contract was in French, or even Arabic, and the girl was told it was just a formality.

If she argued she would find that there was a copy of her new contract in English. It makes terrifying reading.

These savage clauses come from a typical contract. The English may be comical, but the terms aren't.

"Every barmaid have to make at least 35 piccolos a week (a piccolo is a drink) if not to do so the management will have to take necessary steps (to break the contract or make them pay 50 per cent on drinks consumed).

"If the barmaid tries to break the contract she must pay the management the sum of 1,000 Lebanese pounds (nearly £200) plus the cost of her air ticket.

"Relationships outside the establishment with male personnel employed by the same management is strictly forbidden.

"In the event of circumstances outside the control of the management, i.e. fire, national holidays, natural disasters or otherwise resulting in the closing of the establishment, the management will not be held responsible for payment."

The girls are fined ruthlessly if they do not conform strictly to the club's rules.

Articles 19 and 20 of their contract say: "It is strictly forbidden for barmaid to eat at the bar unless she is given permission she will be deducted one day's pay.

"The barmaids are not allowed to leave the bar until the bar closes. If she does she will be deducted one day's pay."

If she did not sell her quota of drinks a week she was also heavily fined.

Whichever way she turned, the girl was hooked. And the terrifying thing is that the contract bore the stamp of the Lebanese Security Office, and therefore was quite legal and binding.

If a bar girl fell sick, that was her bad luck as far as her employer was concerned. She could only go to the club's official doctor for treatment, otherwise the management would not accept that she was entitled to sick leave.

The doctor charged her £10 for a medical certificate, and the club deducted £8 from her earnings for each night she missed.

If she lost her health — and looks — the management simply moved her to another of their establishments where the drinks were a little cheaper and the customers not so fussy.

A CORRECTION

The fashion feature in our issue dated January 6, 1979, was courtesy of 'Shekha Boutique' and not 'Shrestha Boutique' as mentioned. The error is regretted.

AMBITIOUS PLAN FOR DELHI SCHOOL KIDS

Ila Kapoor

In Delhi the International Year of the Child began with a children's rally in which over a lakh of children in the six to twelve age group participated.

President Sanjiva Reddy delivered a national broadcast on the need for promoting IYC on the eve of the rally. The Prime Minister, Mr. Morarji Desai, Delhi's Lt.-Governor, Mr. D. R. Kohli and the Chief Executive Councillor, Mr. K. N. Sahni, delivered a message to children throughout the country on January 1.

The rally is being followed up by various programmes in Delhi schools throughout January. During the year, symposiums, panel discussions and seminars would be held to focus attention on the needs of the child. The IYC slogan "A happy child is a nation's pride" is the theme for the year and it will be popularized through posters and publicity campaigns.

Prem Sagar

In Delhi, a 15-member committee under the chairmanship of the Chief Executive Councillor has been set up to suggest programmes which can help improve the lot of Delhi's children. The committee consists of metropolitan councillors, municipal corporators, government officials and social workers. The committee has recently sent a list of proposals to the Central Government for approval.

The Delhi programme is an ambitious one. Surinder Saini, chairman of the Delhi Social Welfare Board, who is one of the most active members of the committee, admits that though the plans are commendable, actual implementation will depend on the funds supplied by the Central Government, the dedication of officials and the co-operation of parents.

An unusual proposal put forward by the committee is the introduction of a standard uniform pattern and cloth for Delhi's school children. This, it is felt, would help social integration between children, avoid the concept of rich and poor and create a spirit of comrade-

LEFT : Will there be a smile on every child's face in 1979?

THE CLEVER CARVER

A Japanese story retold for Indian children by Shobha Mane-Phanshikar

The king was very interested in animals. But he did not like real live animals. He liked animals carved in wood.

Every year the king held a competition. He asked his people to carve a certain animal. Then in front of all the people and his courtiers he decided which of the carved figures was most life-like.

One year the king decided that he wanted a mouse. The first prize was a bag of gold. This was for the man on whose mouse the cat first pounced.

All the people who wanted to take part in the competition set to work. They chose the wood they thought best and worked very hard and secretly.

At last the great day arrived. The King dressed up in his best clothes. All the officers gathered in the big hall around the king. Each man brought his mouse and placed it in a row before the king.

"This one is very real," said the king looking at one mouse. "I'm sure it will win the prize."

Soon a little boy came in with his mouse. Everybody laughed. "What a funny looking mouse! Is it really a mouse? I thought it was a frog," someone said and laughed.

When all the men had brought their mice, the king said, "Now let's make the final test. Bring in the cat. Let her decide the winner."

As soon as the cat came into the room she pounced on the little boy's rat and disappeared with it. All were surprised. "Why did the cat choose that mouse when the others look so real?" they asked each other.

"Little boy," said the king, "you tell us why the cat ran away with your mouse."

"Well, you see, I made my mouse from a piece of dried fish. Not from wood like the others."

Everybody laughed and admired the clever little boy. The king was pleased.

"Well done," he said. "I'll have to give two prizes. One bag of gold to the man who carved so well and the other to the little boy who carved so cleverly. I'll keep the wooden mouse and let the cat enjoy the other."

Then all the men went home and told their wives and children about the clever little boy.

ship. It is hoped that the scheme can be partially implemented by November. At first it would be limited to the schools run by the government and local bodies and later extended to the more exclusive private schools. The committee plans to select good quality durable cloth for the uniform material.

The committee also hopes to improve the nutrition scheme for school children. Although many of the children in municipal schools are receiving some form of free snacks, there is a lack of standardization in the snacks and meals supplied. In some municipal schools all the children get two biscuits. The committee would like to ensure that every school child gets a bottle of milk.

Compulsory medical check-ups for all school children is another proposal. Timely detection of any medical problem or disease would be followed by proper treatment in hospital. At present a large number of school children are getting regular health check-ups.

The IYC committee is keen to increase the number of creches. At present 60 organizations in Delhi are running creches where the fee is a nominal rupee or two a month. Many organizations want to start similar creches and have sought funds from the Delhi Administration.

UNICEF

A creche for him while mother goes to work?

Abandoned and orphaned children need special attention. The committee has a scheme for children brought up in orphanages. Each child would be assigned to foster parents who would take him/her home on holidays and festivals.

The committee emphasized the need for more holiday camps for children. Schools, it was felt, should organize more educational trips, tours and picnics in Delhi and the surrounding areas.

A park should be a must in every Delhi colony. While Delhi's new resettlement colonies have land where parks can be set up, there is very little land available in the older slums. The committee felt some alternate arrangement should be made in these areas.

To encourage authors to write for children it was decided that annual awards would be given for the best children's novels, books and plays.

The committee took up the question of child labour. In Delhi a number of young boys are employed in dhabas and small hotels. The committee was unable to arrive at definite proposals in this regard as many members felt that the economic conditions of the young boys' families would be worsened if the boys lost their jobs. It was finally decided not to recommend stricter legislation on child employment, but at a personal level ensure that undue harm was not being done by early employment.

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

And now... a stainless steel pressure cooker Kitchen King, introduced for the first time in the country, by India Metal Industries, Bombay. It is made from non-magnetic, non-corroding steel with a mirror polish. Available in two sizes — 7.5 litres and 5 litres. Price Rs. 770 and Rs. 640, respectively. Can be had without separators too. At leading stores.

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WHY BE A MOTHER?

Continued from page 15

She has been married for five years and has a collection of anecdotes which clearly show how much pressure there is on childless couples to conform to the socially accepted norm. She recalls meeting an extremely self-possessed young girl at a party. When this girl heard (in answer to her own questions) that Mala had been married for five years and had no children, she patted Mala kindly on the hand and said, "Never mind, a lot of women conceive after five years of marriage." The girl volunteered the information that she herself had a baby after 11 months of marriage.

It is only recently that women in the West have begun to be a little less hesitant about voicing their 'deviant' views on motherhood. In a heavily traditional and extremely child-oriented society such as ours where the winds of change move at a snail's pace, it will be a long, long time before people will be able to tell other people truthfully and openly that they do not want children and not be regarded as freaks. It must be stressed, however, that couples who decide to remain childless form a very small minority and that they will always remain a minority. It must also be kept in mind that minorities however small have a right to their views and opinions as long as they do not harm other people.

Most women feel a psychological need to have children and they are right to respond to it. Others have children for reasons that are not so clearly defined. Women of all cultures denied creative work, achievement or recognition for themselves live through their children. Childlessness still spells for many people everywhere not only loneliness but the threat of economic insecurity in old age; whereas the hope (often subconscious) for immortality through children reflects not only the desire to pass on property and prestige, but often an emotional need to make a mark as a human being, to feel one's life as significant and lasting. When most people start having children they are faced with a vision of the future which shows them its limitations. Life is no longer a story book dream in which one can be the Prime Minister, a great scientist or a film star. Children prevent one from having to face one's own dwindling vision of one's own potential and the suspicion of one's own death both of which can be ignored by attending to the new life of a child. Children limit one's attention to the present or their future — not one's own. Of course, children do give a great many people a lot of very real happiness which they would not have experienced had they not had children. Whatever children represent or become, they provide sufficient significant change to make analysing the decision to have them profoundly important. If at all possible, women should know exactly what they want children for — and what pressures to conceive they are responding to. For example, there is the age old assertion that the distinctive biological function of the female is to bear children. Such arguments tend deplorably to reduce being female to a mere biological function. It ignores distinctive talents and inclinations which are related not to one's reproductive capabilities but to one's character. In any case, the woman who asks "Do I really want children?" is not some bizarre mutation bent on defying her destiny. She is asking the question every woman should examine. Most people do not realize how viable an alternative not having children is or should be. One cannot realise what a child is going to do to one's life until after it arrives. It cannot be projected, and in any case our society prefers not to try to do the projecting. Instead, public posture towards motherhood is still bent at the waist in homage. This attitude of society propels many undecided women towards motherhood. This should not be the case as there is the very real danger of an unready mother taking out her anger and resentment on her child. (One just has to read a few reports on baby battering to know how true this is.) If after self-examination a woman believes children are important to her happiness she should have them, but if she concludes that they are not so necessary then valid options should exist for her if she has the courage to seize them. The point is that all of us should be free to become parents or not according to our own individual needs and desires and not merely because it is expected of us. For the first time in history we have a choice. It should be up to us to decide for ourselves.

THE PRAGMATIST

Daughter: Mummy! Tomorrow we are going to the zoo and I have to take jalebis for the whole class! What fun!

Mother: That's nice, beta, now have your milk quickly. Then I have to tell you something.

Daughter: And Anand is going to bring sandwiches, and Ruchika's mummy is baking a cake . . .

Mother: Listen, beta, drink your milk quickly. I said I want to talk to you.

Daughter: Okay, okay. . . there, now finished.

Mother: Now come and sit next to me, and remember you're a big girl and big girls don't cry.

Daughter: Okay, so I won't cry.

Mother: You know the little green budgerigar that's been sick for a long time.

Daughter: Hmm. . .

Mother: When I was cleaning the bird cage this morning I found him dead.

Daughter: What's dead?

Mother: Well, he was lying on his back all stiff with his eyes open, and he couldn't move, or eat, or sing, or jump, or anything.

Daughter: Did you take him to the doctor?

Mother: It wouldn't help, beta, it's too late. He's dead.

Daughter: Dead means he can't eat or sing or jump, but just lies on his back with his eyes open.

Mother: Well, it also means he won't be able to do these things again.

Daughter: Will all the other birds also die?

Mother: Yes, beta, at some point of time everyone has to die.

Daughter: People also?

Mother: Yes, people also.

Daughter: Will you die, mamma?

Mother: Yes, but not for a long time, I hope.

Daughter: I won't let you die, ma, I'll take you to the doctor before it's too late.

Mother: Darling, when people grow old they have to die even if they're not sick.

Daughter: I'm old. You said I'm a big girl!

Mother: You're not! You're only a baby! Old means old like a budha!

Daughter: Like grandpa? With white hair and all?

Mother: Yes, that's right.

Daughter: Will the birds' feathers also turn white when they grow old?

Mother: No, that only happens to people, not to birds and animals.

Daughter: But birds, animals, people, they all die?

Mother: Yes, beta, they all die.

(a long pause)

Daughter: Mummy, what will we do with the empty cage when all the birds are dead?

M. P.

WOMEN SCIENTISTS: no say in policy-making

Anu Sheth

Scientific research has ceased to be a male preserve, and there is hardly an institute today where women are not working alongside men. To discover how these women combined their home life with such an exacting career, and to obtain their views about their co-workers, I met a number of women scientists in Bombay. Among the Institutes I visited were the prestigious Bhabha Atomic Research Centre (BARC) at Trombay, the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research (TIFR) at Colaba and the Cancer Research Institute (CRI) at Parel.

In the CRI there are almost an equal number of men and women at all levels, and many of the women hold senior positions. In the other two institutes, however, there were relatively few women. At the BARC, which has over 3,000 scientific personnel, there are only about a hundred or so women, and at the TIFR the percentage is even less. In neither of these institutes do women hold top positions, and even though there are experienced women who have been working at the BARC for over twenty years, none of them is involved in policy-making.

One reason for this state of affairs could be the nature of the research itself. It seems that women do show a preference for the Life Sciences such as Biology rather than the more abstract ones like Physics and Mathematics. Although more girls are going in for the latter subjects than before, at the TIFR the largest number of women were to be found in the recently set up department of Molecular Biology.

In the departments of Physics and Mathematics which form the major part of the TIFR there were very few women. The same can be said for the BARC. Here there are difent 'Groups' of workers such as 'Physics Group', 'Metallurgy Group', 'Electronics Group'. The largest number are to be found in the 'Bio-Medical Group'.

As to discrimination against women because of their sex, the views were varied. The scientists at the CRI were unanimous in the feeling that there was absolutely no discrimination on these grounds at all. This is probably due to the fact that there are a large number of women working there. The women I spoke to at the TIFR were also of the same opinion, but here the situation is different. Many of the girls were young and unmarried, doing their Ph.D. At this institute they do not give permanent appointments. Either they take Visiting Members, i.e., students to participate in their Ph.D. programmes, or Visiting Fellows and Senior Visiting Members for 2-3 years to do post-doctoral research. Although their number is relatively small, they all felt accepted as equals both by their colleagues and their seniors.

It was at the BARC that the feelings of discrimination were the strongest. But perhaps this is too strong a word, because none of the women felt that there was any discrimination at all in the entrance tests and interviews for the training school (through which all newcomers go). In fact, the women engineers I talked to felt that this was the only place where no personal questions were asked, but only technical ones, and entrance was purely on the basis of merit. Neither did any of them feel that there was any discrimination at the junior level.

The problem starts at the higher level, as many women felt that men still do not like working under a woman. They felt that a woman has to put in more effort to 'prove herself' than a man. The biggest discrimination they felt was that there were no women involved in policy-making decisions, and one or two of the more senior women felt that

Continued on page 50

Eve's Weekly / sophistication boutique

FASHION OF THE MONTH WIN-A-WARDROBE CONTEST

THE LUCKY WINNERS!

The Sheriff of Bombay, Mr. Ram Batra, personally picked the winners from over 5,000 entries received for this Contest. The draw was held at the Sheriff's office on Ja nuary 9, 1979.

1st Prize : Rekha Talwar,
11/1, Shakti Nagar, Flat No. 8, Delhi-110 007.
Wins a wardrobe valued at Rs. 5,000/-

2nd Prize : Mrs. Ruby Adi Irani,
Anjuman Building, Rm. No. 2, Ground Floor, Parsi Gully, Kalyan, Dist. Thana.
Wins a wardrobe valued at Rs. 2,500/-

3rd Prize : Radha Ravindran,
Wartyhully Estate, Sakleshpur, P.O., Hassan District, Karnataka-573 134.
Wins a wardrobe valued at Rs. 1,500/-

The following ten Consolation prize winners receive Rs. 100 each.

1) **Miss Vinata Karkera, Bombay.**
2) **K. A. Prabhavathi, Bangalore.**
3. **Miss. Christine Benjamin, Bombay.**
4) **Miss Sharone P. Elijah, Bombay.**
5) **Miss Marlene M. Remedios, Bombay.**
6) **Vahbiz Kersi Kapadia, Bombay.**
7) **Mrs. Mary Thomas, Bombay.**
8) **Mrs. Shakun Kumar, Allahabad.**
9) **Mrs. Juri Barva, Assam.**
10) **Mrs. Madhu M. Maker, Bombay.**

We thank all the participants for their co-operation and keen interest taken in the Contest. We wish them luck in our new 1979 Win-A-Wardrobe contest, again with Sophistication of Delhi.

HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

All's Fair In Love & Marriage

My father had a large rambling house. I still don't know why the phrase "rambling house", except perhaps to indicate that if one wanted to get to the dining room from the sitting room one had to ramble along for at least a minute to find it. Today whatever room one wants to go into, one finds he is already in it. So much for modern living. Reminds me of a friend who landed in Sweden. "Take me to the cheapest brothel," he said to the lady cab driver. Looking him straight in the face she said, "You are in it."

We had a large garden in front with a clean, always full, well. This garden was looked after by a mali, nobody called him gardener then, who lived in a neat hut in the garden behind the house. The mali did not really look after the trees. They just grew. They needed no coaxing and hardly any fertilizer. The mali spent most of his time chasing away the children of the neighbourhood who always knew, before we did, when our fruits were ripe. It was the other way around as well. The fruit in the neighbour's garden always looked good and tasted better. Our garden behind, like all the other rear gardens in the neighbourhood, had a drumstick tree, a chickoo tree, a love-apple tree and a lavatory. We enjoyed sitting in the garden in the shade of the trees, and if my father felt that a particular tree was not needed, he just had it plucked out. We were all, still, friends of trees.

Today we have a small garden, in front of our house. A small patch of land we like to call our garden. We use a lot of energy, various fertilizers and plenty of labour to coax a few flowers occasionally. Growing fruit is out of the question. The children in the neighbourhood would like us to grow fruit. Gardening today is a science but I try to keep out of it. The other day I was told to weed out the shrubs. Half-way through my wife was in tears. I had pulled out her strumosa aliveri grandiflora.

She is always hoping that I will one day develop a love for gardening. Knowing her well, I know that this is her trap three for me. In trap one, I fixed myself good and proper by making such a good job of it that ever since I have been regularly trudging to the bazar to buy provisions. Trap two has me washing my own shirts. "You really know how to wash shirts, darling." The other day, because I had nothing to do, I was watering the trees. She saw me and her eyes shone: "What a wonderful job you are doing!" She was trying to look casual as if she had just come by and noticed me but I remembered what her friend Clare had said: "Encourage your husband all the time and you will have less work." I immediately felt the spring door of the trap open, so I flooded two pots with so much water that the plants almost died. I have not been allowed to water the trees since. It was a narrow escape.

Well, I cannot say that I have not made use of the same trick myself. One has to keep trying. There are no easy victories in marriage. One has to keep one's wits on at all times. She has always toyed with the idea of keeping a full-time cook. The thought has always frightened me. One has not only to pay the cook a handsome salary but feed him as well. And for some unknown reason, cooks generally eat pretty well. I have therefore made it a policy to never let a week go by without using two or more of my large stock of phrases coined personally with care. "Babs, these cutlets are really out of this world." "You really know how to cook a chicken. Give me this dish any time in preference to Molly's cook's chicken Moliere Fricasse." Please note that I chose Molly because she does not like her and it therefore became a double-barrelled attack.

One day she pressed my shirt for me to wear to go to work. It was the first time she had done it. That evening my friend Natekar happened to drop in and praised her for doing such a good ironing job. She now presses my shirt daily. So what if I had asked Natekar to praise her? After all, all's fair in love and marriage.

Until next time then.

The light that lies in a woman's eyes, has been my undoing.

Thomas Moore

It was one of those cold, clammy, accusing sort of eyes — the kind that makes you reach up to see if your tie is straight.

P. G. Wodehouse

When a woman looks intently at a man and her eyes are limpid and the pupils are large, it doesn't mean she's yearning for him. She is probably near-sighted.

Dr. R. H. Thurmond

I gave her eyes my own eyes to take.

Robert Browning

Her eyes wrote: "To be continued in our next."

Rupert Hughes

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT EYES

The prime functions of a woman's eyes is to convey to some man her appreciation of his superior mind, body, possessions and talents.

Nina Farewell

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye.

William Shakespeare

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.

William Shakespeare

When she raises her eyelids it's as if she were taking off all her clothes.

Colette

Impressions received by the eye are on fire.

Buddha

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.

William Shakespeare

We see things not as they are, but as we are.

H. M. Tomlinson

Medical science has yet to develop an ailment which will interest friends and neighbours as much as a black eye.

Bill Vaughan

Women who don't have good teeth laugh only with their eyes.

Pablo Picasso

Compiled by David Gunston

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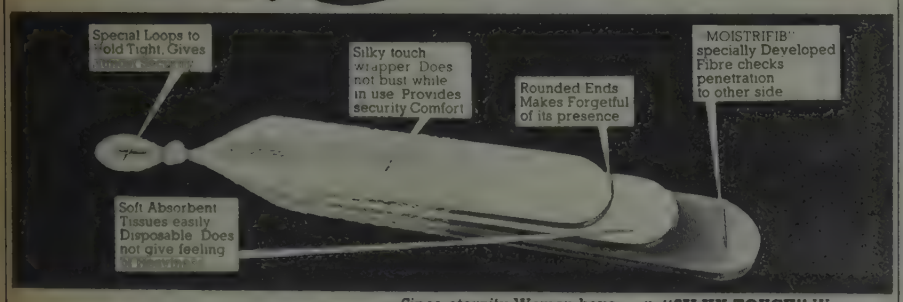
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MODELS WHO FASHION SHOWS

Continued from page 11

of the Oberoi chain of hotels for whom she is working as a consultant. "In 1977 I was with TCI as a consultant in a similar capacity. The idea was to present the culture and entertainment of India under the TCI banner continuously during all evenings of the month to the moving tourist traffic and even during the monsoon season. We did "Experience India 77" which was TCI-oriented."

Then the late Datu Telang, Director of the Oberoi chain of hotels, gave a more defined offer. In this case the premises were readily available and talent could be presented in any room of the hotel. "After Mr. Talang's death, Mr. Siddiqui, GM of the Oberoi-Sheraton Hotel, could foresee the need for such a Talent Cell, and so I discover, train and groom people in the fields of modelling, fashion/textile designing and entertainment not only for Bombay but wherever there is an Oberoi Hotel in India and abroad. This is actually the culmination of my 16-year career as an organizer of entertainment."

Coming to her competitors (Salome, Ranjana and Nazir) who have all been her models, she says, "I am excited about the competition since I can see that my initial efforts in the field of fashion show organizing have paid dividends and brought more people into the business. But I feel that all the young organizers must pay more attention to backstage detail and have more technical rehearsals. Although I have so many rehearsals I still had butterflies even on my 91st show night, because I can't be complacent. New ideas and movements have to be constantly conjured to sustain audience interest. The young organisers must continue to expose themselves and spread the message of youth, identify themselves with their own culture and the audience and concentrate on designing fashions and fabrics for the young."

Salome Roy Kapoor and Nazir Mitha were the first to make a bid for the fashion show business. The duo, before they split in April 78, started organizing fashion shows in 1974 under the banner of "The Showmakers". Salome, already a popular ballroom dancer, teacher and film dance choreographer, with the backing of her parents and Nazir—organised several successful fashion shows for various hills, including several musical variety entertainment shows. From '74, the pair organized 35 shows and after her split with Nazir, Salome took a travelling show with Indian film stars to America and Canada.

Salome and Nazir often used filmstars in their fashion shows to add colour. "But it was because the show was of a 'filmi' nature and the stars were presented as themselves instead of models. It is definitely easier to work with professional models if the show is a fabric show." Salome trains new models and tries to introduce at least two new faces per show. She prefers combining fashions with dancing "because the audience gets bored if you show one dress after another. Besides we in India are not like Dior or St. Laurent bringing out a new line. Ours is mainly the display of fabrics and no new look has to be emphasized." Salome and Nazir parted ways since two highly creative personalities were unable to meet on common ground. "I now organize, design, create, produce my own shows."

Nazir Mitha started modelling over a decade ago. He remembers his first apperance on stage was greeted with sniggers, since male models had hitherto been laughed at by the audience and labelled as dandies! "That bugged me and I frowned at the audience, took a turn and started dancing. After that the audience was with me throughout and I have continued to model." Nazir admits he owes everything he has learnt to Jeannie for whom he has done the maximum number of shows, although he was one of her biggest critics. "My knowledge of stage craft, lights and presentation I owe to her but I never agreed with her choice of clothes, music and sets. Very often the music selected for a show would be good but not totally suited to the model's walk and personality, since the selection of music was left to a person who was not a model."

A qualified Art Director, Nazir has left his job with an ad agency and now acts as consultant to his own newly set up agency as well as does fashion shows.

Surprisingly, Nazir admits to being a shy person and was not quite comfortable as a model. He feels more confident as an organizer. "Organizing shows was what I always wanted and at one stage I had hoped to partner Jeannie and Hilla but it didn't work out so I teamed up with Salome instead. I felt that mills were more partial to women organizers and so we could get more shows. But now I have three shows on hand." Nazir first pays attention to the theme, music, selection of models, sets, lights and colour scheme before designing the clothes.

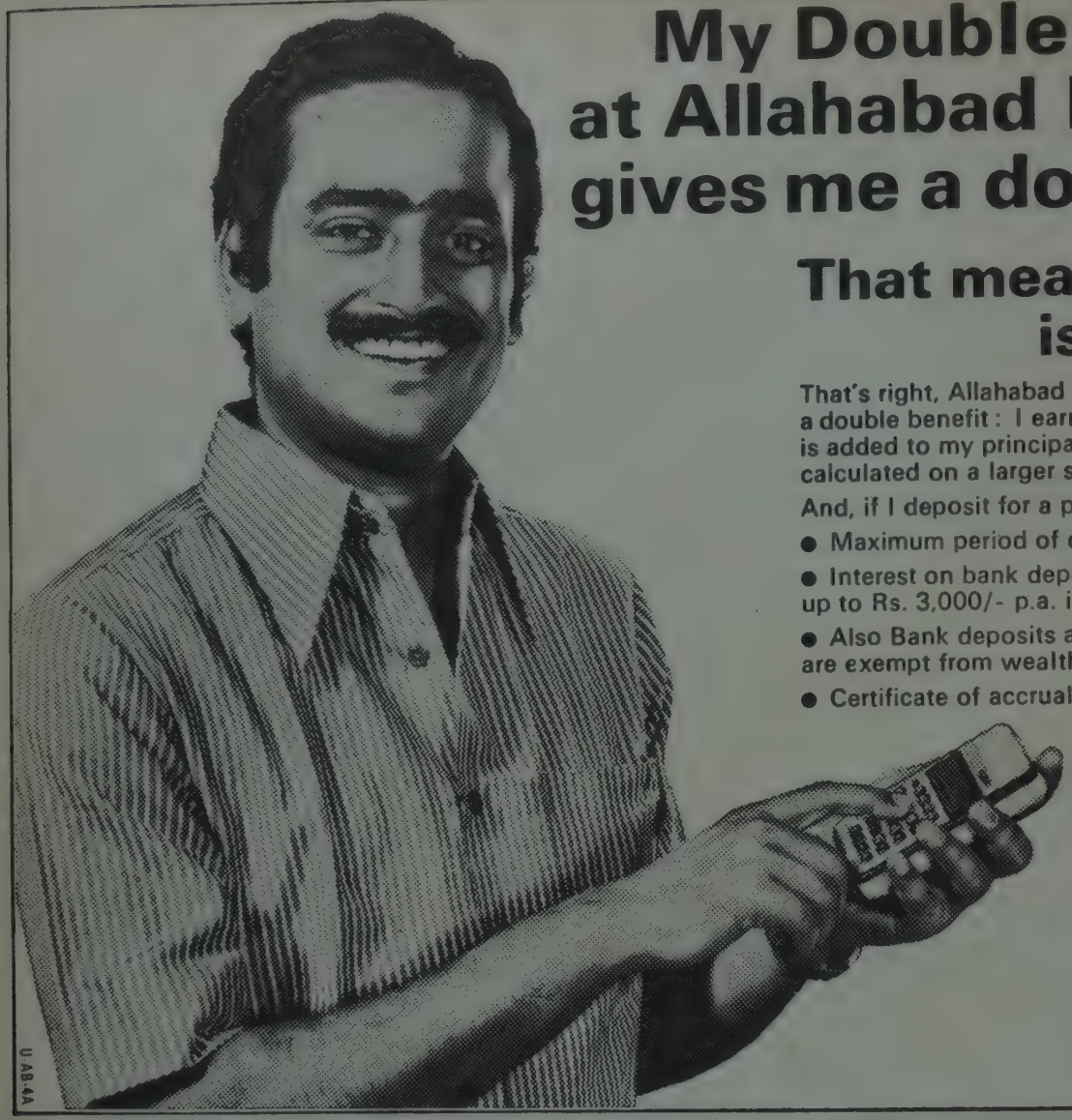
One of the highest paying fashion show organizers as far as models' fees are concerned, Nazir is described by his models as very patient, understanding, calm and a thorough gentleman. Filmstars give more priority to a Nazir Mitha show than to their producers since they feel they learn more from him. "It's fun working with filmstars. But they have more developed personalities; therefore; they tend to give the clothes second place, whereas in working with professional models the clothes are always displayed at their best."

"Fashion India" is a new young team (no member is above 25 years) comprising Ranjana Kapadia and Ajay Anand, who just organized the successful Nivea/Beautiful fashion shows all over India with the assistance of Nandini Sen, another Jeannie Naoroji model who is trying her hand at fashion show organizing.

Ranjana Kapadia, a Gujerati model (and probably the only one), was discovered three years ago by Frank Simoes while she was playing in the garden of her house. After that, photographic modelling took up most of her time till Jeannie Naoroji spotted her on the road and launched her as a ramp model. "Fashion India" was started by chance when Ajay and Ronnie Screwala (a former partner) submitted a proposal to Nivea for a fashion show all over India. "Next thing we had Rs. 1.10 lakhs as a budget from Nivea and a 1½ hour show to organize. And that's how things started moving. Nandini and I did all the creative work, while the boys handled the finance, props, music, etc. I drew heavily on my experience with Jeannie and it is only thanks to her training that we were able to put up a show that was well-liked."

And so from under Jeannie Naoroji's "umbrella" we have the mushrooming of new and younger organizers who can all combine in the future to put India on the international fashion map.

(Meher Castelino, a leading model, has organised several fashion shows in India and abroad. She also trains women to become professional models.)



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PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Andheri Jaycees won a number of awards for the outstanding work done during the year 1978 under the presidentship of Mr. M.M. Shah.

The Awards were presented by Mr. N. Muthuswamy, National President of Indian Jaycees, at the National Convention.

Andheri Jaycees received the International Award for "Opportunities for Children" and National Awards on "Outstanding Public Relations Programme", "Outstanding Ladies Wing" and "Membership Growth". Jaycee World President Mr. Kumar Gera specially came from Florida to attend the ceremony.

Mrs. Vimala Somaiah who was adjudged Outstanding President of Jaycees International in the recent Asian Regional Conference, was handed the "Outsanding Ladies Wing" Award.

• • •

The Federal Association of Teachers of Dancing (FATD) (Australia) and the D'Cunha Academy of Music and Dance, Bombay, held a Grand Amateur Medal Test in Ballroom and Latin American Dancing.

The special attraction was the participation of expert dancers Freny and Noshir Umrigar, who came from London specially to appear for the F.A.T.D. Supreme Awards test. Martha and Luciano D'Cunha of the D'Cunha Academy demonstrated the Waltz and the Tango.

CALCUTTA

Mr. Timir Baran Bhattacharya, the celebrated instrumentalist and composer and Mr. Satya Kinkar Banerjee, the distinguished vocalist of the Vishnupur **gharana,** have been honoured and awarded a sum of Rs. 10,000 each by ITC Ltd., for their intense involvement in Indian classical music. Mr. T. N. Singh, the Governor of West Bengal gave away the awards to the artistes, at a function held in Calcutta.

KERALA

Mrs. Sethu Varma won the third Kerala State Chess Championship for women, for the third time!

Ten women from different parts of the State competed at Calicut for the Dr. T. Balakrishnan Memorial Trophy. Mrs. P.S. Rajashree came second, and Mrs. Shobha M. Raja third.

At a function held at the Cosmopolitan Club, Mrs. Kemka presented the prizes.

LUCKNOW

Mrs. Ram Naresh Yadav, wife of the U.P. Chief Minister, distributed the prizes at the 14th Annual Week Programme of the U.P. Sainik School. A cultural programme was held, which included a one-act-play.

Welcoming the guests, Wg. Cdr. K. S. Tripathi, Principal of the School, gave an outline of the various experiments conducted at the School with a view to transform its image from a Western-oriented one, to one in which attention is being paid to promote Indian traditions and culture.

• • •

Miss Kusum Choudhary, President of the All-India Mahila Yuva Janata was felicitated at Ravindralaya. Manipuri dances were presented by the Indo-Bangla-desh Maitri Sangh in collaboration with the Centre for Manipuri dances. The cultural evening commenced with a Naga dance. Khedajit Singh of Manipur presented an enchanting 'Mridangam Nritya' based on the Manipuri style. Rang Nath Misra's **tabla** accompaniment was largely appreciated.

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1. Mrs. Langfeld, one of the delegates from the Federal Republic of Germany at the 5th Giants International Convention held in Delhi, congratulating the World Chairman Mr. Nana Chudasama after he was conferred the title of 'True Knight'.

2. At the Maharashtra State Women's Council's charity show of 'The Godfather' in Bombay sponsored by Sandoz (India) Ltd.: Mrs. S. Chowgule, hon. sec. Mrs. S. Anand, PRO, Mrs. P. Chinoy, vice-c'man, Mrs. U. Sathe, pres., Mr. & Mrs. Bannerjee, chief guests, Mrs. N. Walawalkar, Mrs. S. F. D. Nanavati, c'man, and Mrs. M. Mathur, jt. hon. sec. of MSWC.

3. Mr. S. S. Mamik of Pure Drinks Pvt. Ltd., Calcutta, crowns Miss Rita Oberoi the Campa Cola Queen at the Calcutta YMCA's "Saturday Night Fever" dance.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JAN. 21 — 27

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK

You have ahead a twelvemonth of varied and erratic emotional experiences. You cannot afford to take your companions, and especially your sweetheart or marriage partner, too much for granted. Incidentally, you look like reaching a crossroads affecting your own work and career in 1979. By all means show initiative and sense of adventure March/July. Yet, be shrewd and down-to-earth. Don't needlessly destroy connections and goodwill which could be helpful to you or disregard the advice of people more experienced than yourself in the financial field. If married, your relatives-in-law will come into the picture more than for some time past. They'll be generous and hospitable, do their best to give you a helping hand. If single, your love life follows a happy course this next twelvemonth.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

A carefree and enjoyable week. Friends will prove exceptionally generous. You'll also find yourself becoming an active participant in the club or organization of which you are a member. Romance is in the air — a light flirtation with a friend of a friend!

TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

A week in which your sense of caution comes into use. Business associates must be handled with tact and intelligence. Orders from higher-ups must be obeyed, as also all kinds of rules and regulations. Postpone selling off valuable property: you will get a better deal later in the year.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Use your skill at budgeting this week. It will come in handy to cut down on expenditure and plan current finances beneficially. Start thinking on how to put your assets to maximum use. If necessary, be prepared for a new business liason.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

You will find yourself passively following the path laid down by others. Changes initiated by an associate will affect you closely. Watch for what your rivals are up to: competition will be close this week.

LEO
(July 24 — August 23)

Slow down the pace of your life — all is not well as far as health goes. Your inclination to overwork yourself will make you more susceptible to minor infections. This phase will continue till the end of February, so adjust yourself to a more balanced routine.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Wrong calculation where figures are concerned may occur on Thursday, and, on Saturday, you may accept something that is substandard. So take trouble to be meticulous and attentive to detail — this will pay off soon. But don't get upset by this: your horoscope says you are planning on the right lines.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

A week for socialising and using your Libran charm and **joie-de-vivre** — if you are a typical Libran, that is! Grab all the opportunities to live it up that may come your way. The opposite sex will also fall a prey to this lighthearted mood — a flirtation lies ahead!

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Emotional stress in the family may trouble you on the 21st and 25th. But the mornings of the 25th and 26th are favourable periods. Think twice before committing yourself to activities which may bind you over the next three weeks.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Avoid changing whatever business arrangement you have now, because monetary deals made this month will prove profitable for about five months more. You will be tempted at the end of the week with a lump sum, which will be only a fraction of what is in store for you!

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Travel will affect you directly — you will be contemplating an overseas journey, yourself, and close friends and relatives will be travelling too, influencing your life by their journeys. You will be spending money on others on Thursday and Saturday.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

A tall, slim, fair, witty and lively person may enter your life! Try and be friendly with him/her — it would prove useful. Even otherwise, chances are that you will come into contact with interesting people, which should brighten up your week.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Try hard to become the centre of attention — this year, you will be inclined to be too shy and reserved. It would be rewarding to make a public speech or attend an important function. Concentrate all your efforts between now and the end of March for best results.

WOMEN SCIENTISTS

Continued from page 44

their work and opinions were not taken for their real worth. On the former issue, however, some were willing to give the benefit of the doubt, saying it was too early to tell as it is only comparatively recently that women have come into the institute in larger numbers, and as yet there are not enough senior women to select from.

On the whole almost all the women felt that discrimination, if any, was not really intentional. However, research requires hard work and you cannot leave an experiment half way. Since a woman has many other responsibilities, it is difficult, especially in the early years of marriage when she has young children, for her to devote herself fully to her work, and so she gets left behind. This is where men have the edge over women; they can think only of their work and nothing else. For this reason Dr. Ganguli of the CRI herself admits that often if she needs an assistant she is tempted to choose a man who can stay for long hours and work even during weekends.

One view that all the women held in common was that a career in scientific research requires not only a lot of motivation and dedication, but also continuity, and perhaps this is where the greatest hitch occurs. Many women cannot attend to a full-time job and young children at the same time. However, many of them would like to take up their work again once the children are older, but then it is difficult as they are out of touch with their work. To overcome this the Indian Women Scientists' Association has put forward a number of ideas, such as part-time jobs for women and refresher courses for those who wish to go back to work. However, even the members felt that these ideas were not really practical in a country like ours where for every job there are twenty applicants. One idea which could be put into practice would be to provide well-staffed and well-equipped creches at the research institutes themselves. Although all the women I talked to felt that this was a good idea none of them had really thought of doing much about it.

A surprising fact which emerged was that almost all women, and many of them had studied abroad, felt that it was easier for a woman scientist to get on in India than in the West (excluding the communist countries). Not only do we have the facility of servants, but there is less discrimination again women scientists here insofar as promotions and work is concerned. In some institutes abroad women are even paid less than men, which is something that does not happen in India.

All of the women felt that even though men have had a head start in the field, more women are taking to science, even fields like Engineering and Astrophysics, where they had never ventured until fairly recently. As one woman scientist who is working at the BARC aptly put it: "It will take time yet, but the picture is changing and ultimately it has to change."

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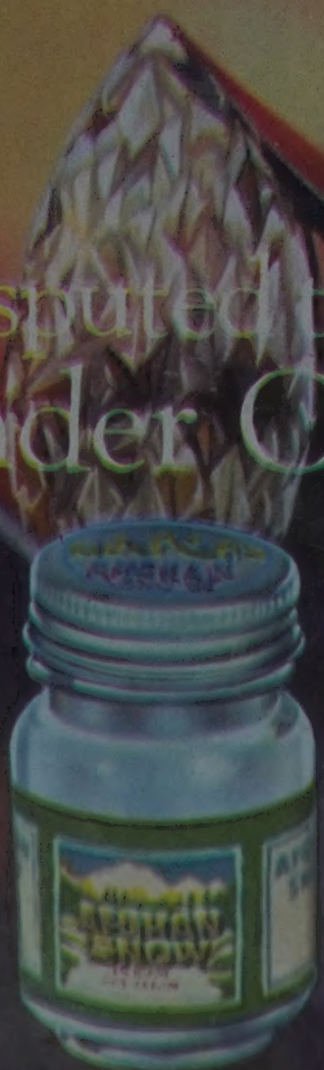

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